

Odyssey '62



Property of the great
Friendship of M. M. M. M.

To the smartest soldier in the
world, greatest campaigner
and best loved general.
and may you succeed
of freedom

Brach
William

WHAT ODYSSEY MEANS TO ME

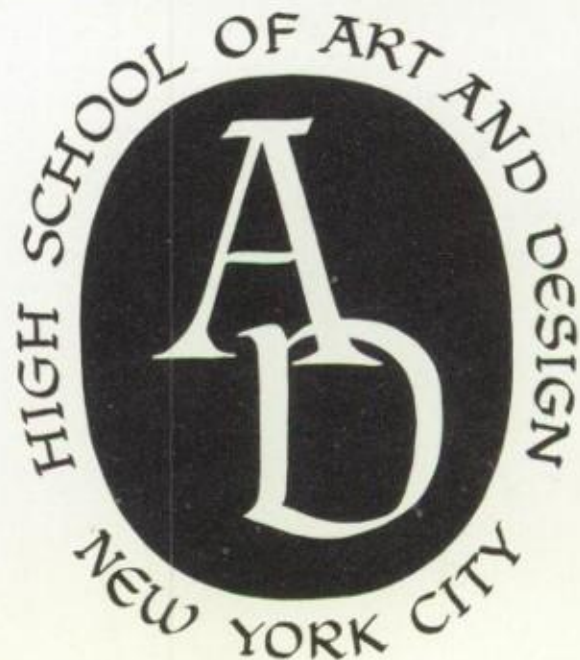
Webster's dictionary defines odyssey as "any long extended journey or series of travels." To me this would apply to education and the places it can lead to. With the help of education a long extended journey can be opened for any student. In our case an education here is about the best professional art training given to high school students. After graduation we can either go to college or into the art field. Both bring about two new journeys.

College is a journey in which a whole new atmosphere is discovered. It is a mature atmosphere in which psychological aspects as well as artistic concepts are taught.

The art field is a somewhat different journey. It is strictly art, deadlines, and competition, a fast moving serious business. In both these fields education is a vital implement, for without it progress is doubtful.

No matter on what journey we venture, without a good education it is fruitless. The only way is to get a good education first. From this our odyssey will be bright and profitable.

Dennis Parlante



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The Board of Education of the City of New York

HIGH SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN

1075 2nd Avenue, New York City 22

John B. Kenny, Principal

Sol Stillman, Acting Principal



To the Class of June 1962



Dear Boys and Girls:

What an interesting name you have chosen for your Yearbook—Odyssey '62. And what a coincidence that you should select this title at a time when I am on an odyssey of a sort, wandering over some of the very same ground trodden by Odysseus himself centuries ago.

I wish you could all have the chance to visit, as I am doing, some of the monuments of ancient Greek civilization. The Greeks were truly great artists and those of their works that have survived are beautiful to behold.

You too are artists. You have had special training and you are ready to begin work in some field of professional art. It is a great privilege to have a career that is concerned with the creation of beauty.

But, you know, it is not only artists who create beauty. Anyone who makes the world a better place to live in does so. Just by being good citizens, by helping others, we create beauty. It can be done with a word or an act of kindness, or even with a smile.

But you know all of that—you learned it here in A and D. Along with all the things you found out about mathematics, science, history, and so on, you learned the value of working with others. You learned the worth of true democracy. I am confident that you will not forget.

As you graduate, remember your alma mater with affection. Let A and D always have a place in your hearts. Goodbye now, good luck, God bless you.

Sincerely,

John B. Kenny,

John B. Kenny
Principal

The theme of your class yearbook—Odyssey '62—provides an apt analogy between the adventures of the hero of Homer's classic—and the adventures of the Class of '62.

Odysseus set out to reach a distant goal. His way was marked by fair weather and foul; good luck and ill fortune; easy living and hardship; pleasure and pain; temptation and high resolve.

In your preparation for the distant goal of success you left home daily and travelled the five boroughs to the central destination—A & D.

To get to school—and on time—was a daily adventure, a test of fortitude, good health habits and determination. Those students who can show an impeccable record of attendance and punctuality have developed traits which are invaluable in the working world.

Your day in school had its ups and downs; its smiles and tears; its crises (remember examination time?) and its triumphs.

The getting home was an anti-climax, only to prepare for leaving again on the next day.

How will all this seem the day after graduation? All these days—these high school years—now become part of the bigger broader adventure of the world beyond. And what more may you expect on the ocean of experience? Was Odysseus' ocean always calm; always rough? Was Fate always kind; always cruel? To ask the question is to answer it.

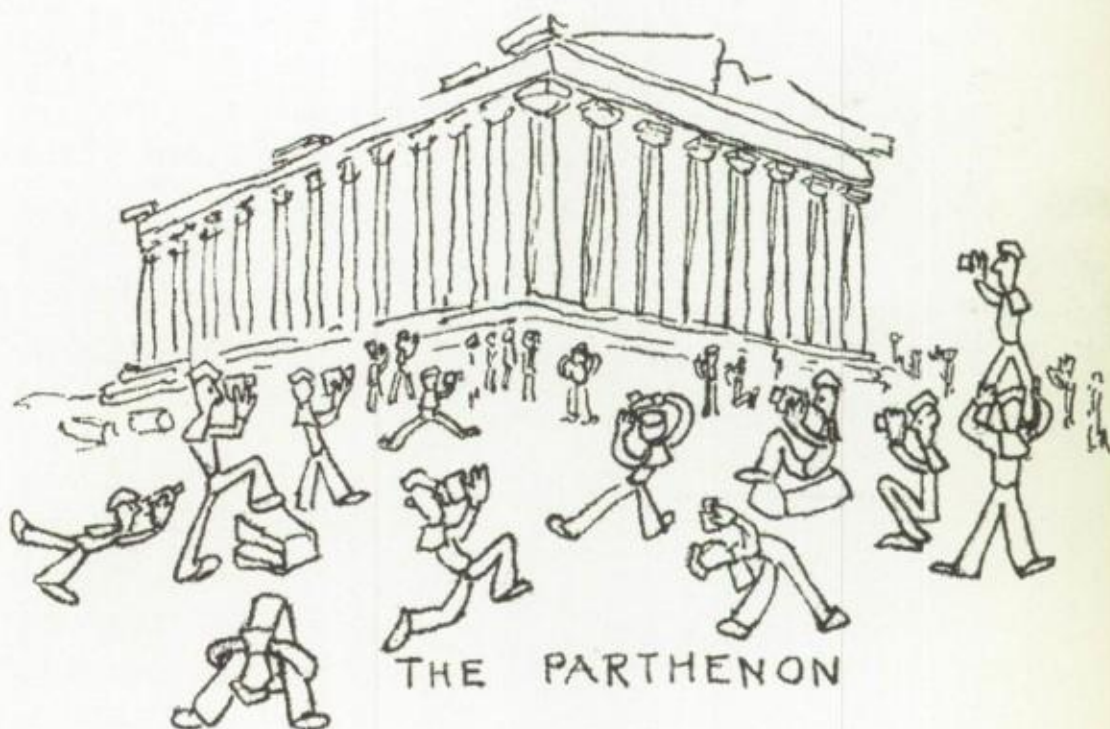
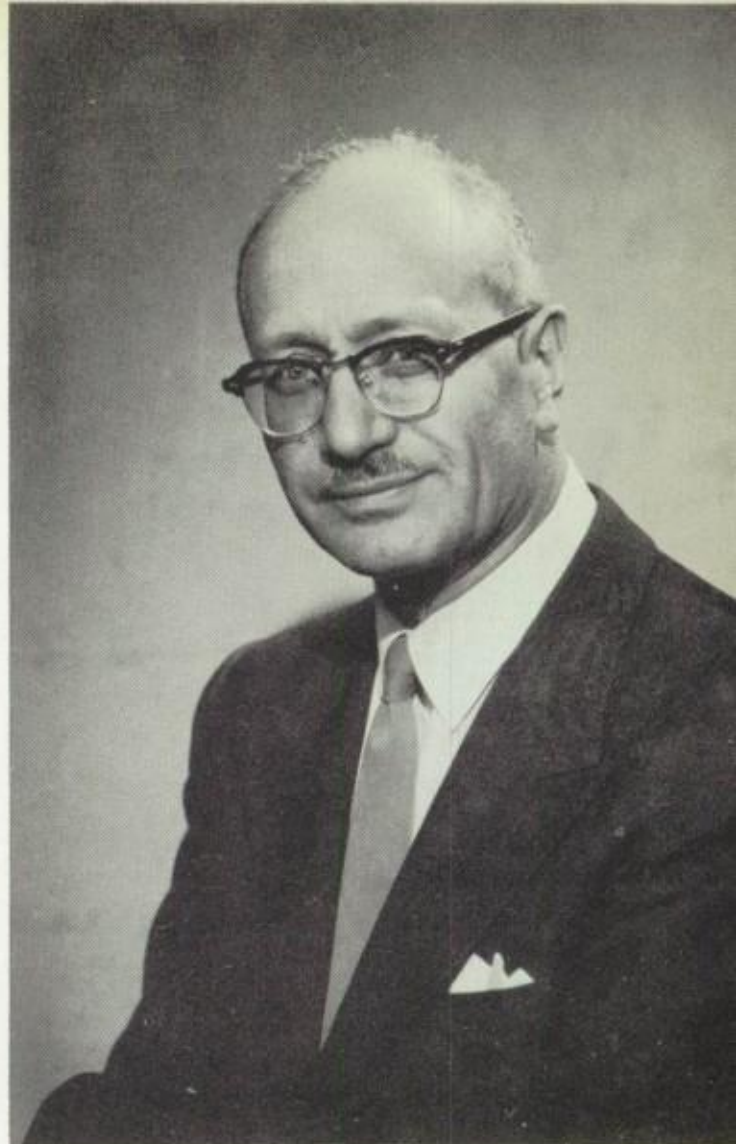
Your years at A & D have given you a foundation to meet what is to come. You have learned the basic skills of your craft. Upon these you can build. You have explored quite a few of the art areas. The working world will expose you to more. Your appreciation of what is good and beautiful in Art should lead to critical evaluation and high standards in your own work.

If you approach whatever lies ahead in the spirit of Odyssey '62 you will find your interests, your ideas, your thinking constantly expanding.

May your personal Odyssey—the pursuit of your goal—be the enjoyment of one long successful adventure.

Sincerely,

Sol Stillman
Acting Principal.



THE PARTHENON



TEMPLE OF ZEUS , OLYMPIA



Mrs. Elizabeth McNally

David Rosenfeld



Mr. David Rosenfeld



Mr. Jack Somers



Mrs. Silvia Muller



Mrs. Adele Smith



Dr. Alfred S. Lane



Miss Regina Adler



Mr. Eli Epstein



Mr. William J. Ryan



Miss Betty Schwartz



Mrs. Bernice Einstein



Mr. David Umlas

ADMINISTRATION



Mr. Walter Welsh



Miss Grace S. Orgel



Dr. Adolph Stone



Mr. Benjamin Clements



Mr. Jacob Biegeleisen



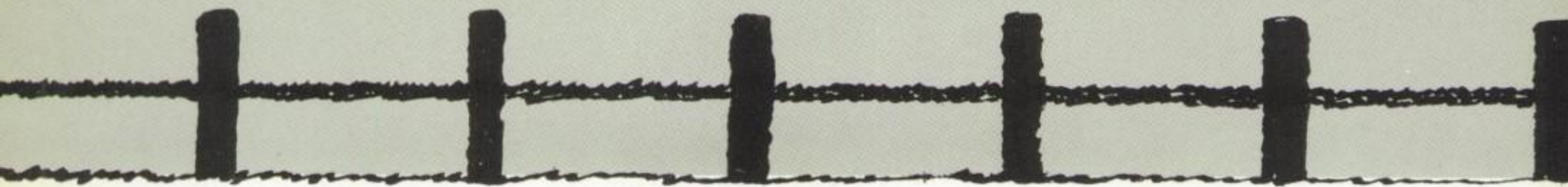
***some of
our
FACULTY***

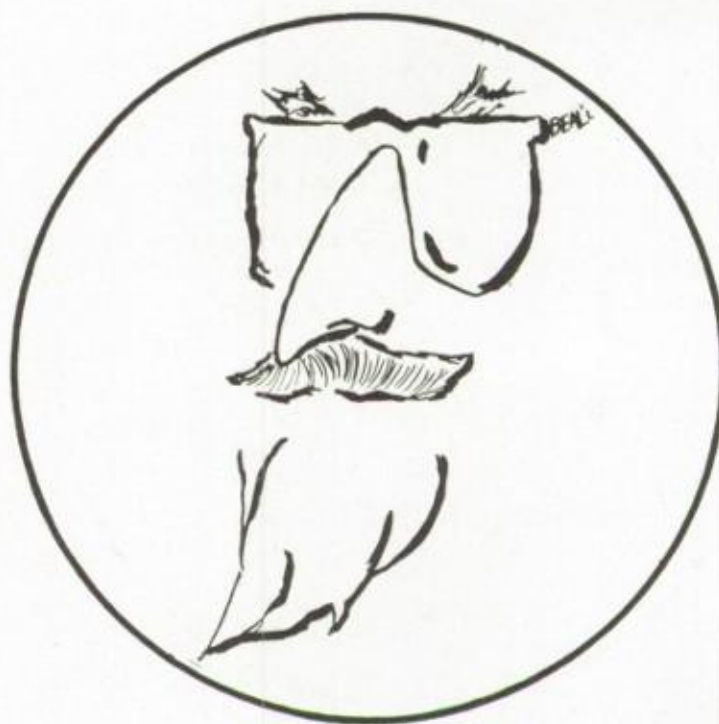




**AT
EASE!!!**







LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, of the graduating class, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following:

- To **Mr. Schaeffer**—A rubber dictionary.
Mr. Coles—White gloves for his students.
Mrs. Winkler—A gym class of Russian girls.
Mr. Sonberg—Ear plugs.
Mr. Umlas—A double door for his office.
Miss Stern—A 90 minute period.
Miss Eisenberg—A new 2 year supply of late passes.
Mr. Somers—His own copy of Consumers Report.
Mr. Spevak—A new Joke.
Mr. Kenny—100% attendance for the whole school.
Dr. Muller—A special class to tell jokes to.
Mr. Eliscu—A new radio.
Mr. Sarroff—A Championship basketball team.
Mrs. Hess—A 9" x 12" illustration . . . in color.
Mr. Welsh—A year' supply of metrecal crackers.
Mr. Rosenfeld—A 10 second Polaroid.
Mr. Spencer—An experiment that works.
Miss Adler—Seniors who pay their dues.
Miss Schwartz—A telephone of her own.
Mr. Shine—A Kazoo.
Mr. Dyson—An unbreakable ruler.

Best wishes for success 

CLASS CELEBRITIES

Best Couple

Phyllis Russo
Bob Mennella

Best Singer

Jo Ann Morgan
Roscoe Orman

Most Likely to Succeed

Jesse Sklavos
Jo Ann Morgan

Best All Around Student

Roger Borgmeier
Jo Ann Morgan

Best Dancer

Ricky Rotante
Donna Browne

Best Artist

Jesse Sklavos
Erica Guslawski

Best Looking

Richie Bieber
Cathy Berkiw

Best Dressed

Frank Creaturo
Phyllis Russo

Smartest

Mike Rotunno
Ann Sinclair

Best Athlete

William Haritakis
Helen Dunn

Most Popular

John DeRosa
Jo Ann Morgan

Class Clown

Ronnie Goldblatt
Helen Dunn



FAMOUS LAST WORDS



- Mrs. Brussel-Smith—No, Jeffrey, I couldn't bear it.
 Mr. Cavallito—Take it up to the 8th floor.
 Mrs. Winkler—Fall in, girls.
 Mr. Kane—That's tough!
 Mr. Spevak—Did I tell you the one about . . .
 Miss Savetsky—Oh, if you think that's bad, listen to this.
 Mrs. Curtis—Girls, please!
 Mr. Dyson—Put your shirt in, buster!
 Mrs. Bodelin—C'est un zero.
 Miss Stern—Are you aware of that?
 Mr. Lederman—Out!!
 Miss Petroff—You know, class . . .
 Dr. Muller—You know, boys . . . you're seniors now.
 Mrs. Hess—Good morning ladies, gentlemen . . . and others.
 Mrs. Einstein—Go west, young man.
 Mr. Saltzman—You know I love you all.
 Mr. Greenbaum—You'd better see your grade adviser, son.
 Miss Hoffman—There ain't no such animal.
 Mr. Singer—Stop everything.
 Mr. Lavigne—SLOW, SLOW, quick, quick, quick.
 Miss Eisenberg—Go get a late pass.
 Mr. Switkin—What do you want? All right, sit down.
 Mr. Sarroff—The official terrace weather report is . . .
 Dr. Starr—Who's mumbling and grumbling?
 Miss Schwartz—Good . . . morning.
 Mrs. Muller—All six feet on the floor, please.
 Mr. Epstein—Go home immediately!
 Mr. Somers—It's inconceivable.
 Mrs. Schmidt—Write to your congressman.
 Mr. Eliscu—Who wants to play drop the dollar?
 Mr. Spencer—All right, kids.
 Mr. Kenny—Good morning boys and girls.
 Mrs. McNally—Your grades aren't high enough.
 Mr. Allen—You can come back at 3:15.
 Mr. Schaeffer—Hey, catch!
 Mr. Clements—Every pupil is going to sell something by the end of the term.
- Not slow but quick!*
Chiff Lavigne
- E. Gusev*

SENIOR

"Me? Go to class?"

Me? Do my homework?

I'm never on time. *RIGHT*

Why??

I'm always desperate!

Why should I use the stairs?

Why walk to the terrace? The bathroom's closer.

Was there a dance?

Not fit for human consumption.

I live in his office.

At 3:15 I'm through!

What's a museum?

The term doesn't end till . . .

I've got the classic.

Shucks . . . did I miss the pledge again?

Hurry up before all the good seats are gone.

I'll use a newspaper.

I'll use my GO card.

Who cares?

Lend me your Exacto.

FRESHMAN OR SOPH

"Me, cut a class?"

I always do my own homework.

I never was late.

Paid my GO dues the first day.

Cheating, what's that?

But this escalator only goes up.

Why is it so cloudy in the bathroom?

I wouldn't miss a school dance.

These lunches are great!

Who's Mr. Ryan?

Glad to stay and help.

Museums are interesting.

Can I hand it in early?

It was a long book, but I finished it.

Stand at attention; it's your flag.

Gotta sit with my class.

All my books are covered.

Lend me a token. I lost my train pass.

You get a zero if you chew.

Well, it's furniture, just like at home.

UP THE LADDER

JUNIOR

"Only if it's art."

I'll get it in homeroom.

I almost never was late.

Give me a week.

Only when I'm desperate.

Well . . . nobody's coming up.

I can smoke on the terrace.

I'll come to the next one.

I've tasted better.

He sent for me . . . once.

I need the service credit.

It is required?

I'll do it next week.

I read the flap.

My arm's getting tired.

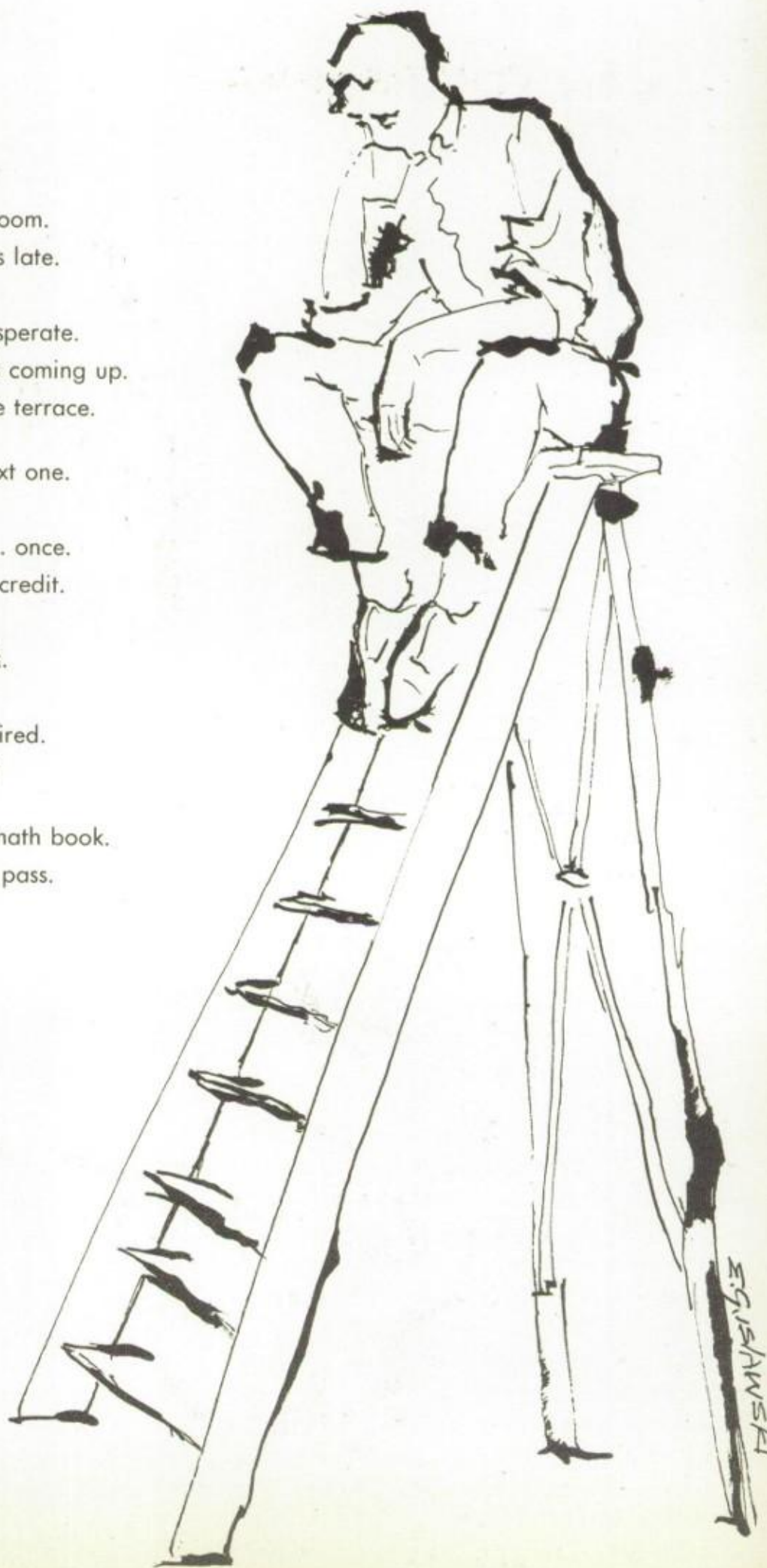
Where's my class?

I'll take it off my math book.

Slip me your train pass.

She won't notice.

Just this once.



CAN YOU IMAGINE



Millie Polchaninoff in a pixie.
 Russel Beal not having two lunches.
 Mr. Kenny forgetting to come on the air in the mornings.
 Mr. Dyson in a turtleneck and dungarees.
 Mr. Spevak turning continental.
 Marcel Fitzner winning a G.O. election.
 Mr. Umlas getting a late pass.
 Mrs. Winkler in a gymsuit.
 Miss Petroff giving a girl 98 on a fashion drawing.
 Nicky Ihasz being 5 feet tall.
 Miss Manno never asking, "Who didn't have A.P.T. before?"
 Mr. Epstein taking tennis lessons.
 Ericka Guslawski in knee socks.
 Diane Diamond with her hair straight down.
 A & D Students never blocking the main entrance.
 Ronald Goldblatt never cracking jokes in classes.
 Janet Gaines without a tongue.
 Tony Lane without his camera.
 Mr. Welsh without a flower in his lapel.
 Mr. LiMarzi without a moustache.
 Shaun Blair without a horse.
 Jane Rubin with long skirts.
 Everybody being quiet in homeroom.

REMINISCENCE



Graduation was over, the people filed out;
Parents kissing students were milling about;
Relatives beaming, robes pell-mell,
I slipped away quietly for my last farewell.

The halls were silent, my footsteps resounded;
As I wandered along, my memories rebounded;
My official room, my seat;
Is that the patter of running feet
Of students trying to beat the bell?
Yes, yes, there goes that daily "death knell";
Now school begins for another day
And I shall relive it if I may:

This is the time for those who shirk
The dismal chore of doing homework.
The girls love to gossip while fixing their hair;
Intimate secrets are often laid bare!
Then three chimes are heard and the P.A. goes on,
And the deafening din in rooms is all gone,
While the students salute and sing to their banner.
Then Mr. Kenny, in his own special manner,
Announces the news every student should know:
Our track team won, in golf, a good show.
The Drama Club meets this afternoon,
And a warning to all: report cards come soon!
The first period class is always the worst;
I'm really half-conscious, for sleep I thirst.
In my second class, I'm much more awake;
That teacher is wary and it's hard to fake!
And so it proceeds through the endless day:
Reading and writing and learning away!
Learning to say "It is I," not "me";
Learning our formulas in geometry;
Learning functions of the heart, the liver, the spleen;
Learning in Physics why light can be seen;
Learning to swim and to do exercises;
Mixing two test tubes—oh! what surprises!
Homework, homework, test upon test,
Hopefully striving to do our best.

Until three o'clock comes rolling by
And homeward the students seem to fly,
Grateful that one more day is through,
Anticipating the end in view.

But we who have now reached the last,
Are unhappy our High School days are past.



STU SCHWARTZ

To a
great guy
a little nutty but great
Best of Luck
Emilio Ruiz



A MESSAGE from our CLASS PRESIDENT

Time has passed me by mercilessly as I am sure it has passed by you.

These have been three wonderful years in my life that will forever be embedded in me. As I leave all that will follow me are the fond memories of A & D and of course the grand old S.I.A. with its peeling paint, staircases for dwarves and its crowded classes with two pupils to a seat in many instances. In spite of this, it had such a warm atmosphere we felt more like a family than a body of noisy wild-eyed students entering the complicated world of high school.

One item we must remember is of course, the faculty. We had the best . . . When I say the best, I not only mean the subjects they taught but their character. When we laughed they would laugh with us. When we had problems often they would try to help us solve them.

You might say we are like the last drop of a vintage wine, because we are the last of the S.I.A. graduates. Some of us will grow old faster. Some may grow obese, thin, famous or unrecognized. One thing will always be common to all of us, we all came from a great school.

Remember, also, that we took part in the erecting of a great new school, the High School of Art and Design. It is a proud school and we must always refer to it with pride.

I would like to leave a few words to you, which if remembered perhaps may help you in the future.

**GOD GRANT ME THE SERENITY TO ACCEPT THE THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE.
THE COURAGE TO CHANGE THE THINGS I CAN AND
THE WISDOM TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.**

EMILIO RUIZ



Senior Council



Alan F. Alpert
551 W. 190th St., New York



Catherine Asbury
4039 Monticello Ave., Bronx



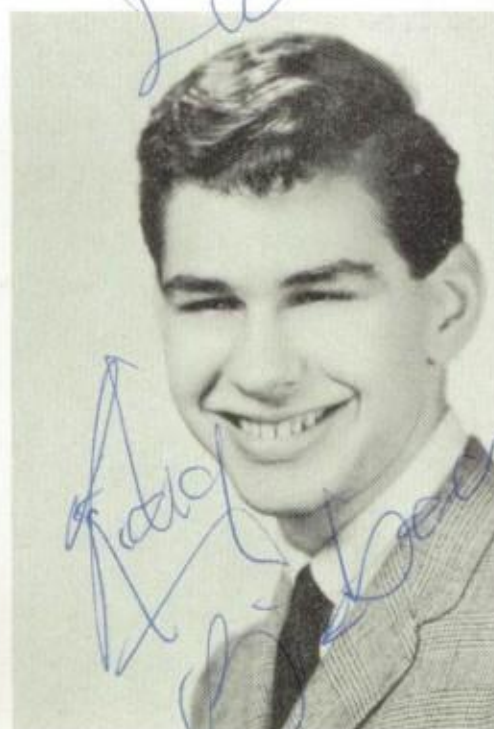
Richard Barbour
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Michael Biddle
94-11 60th Ave., Rego Park



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1402 Avenue K, Brooklyn



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229 Ridgewood Ave., Brooklyn



Richard J. Blundo
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Harry E. Carlisle
87-01 110th St., Richmond Hill



Mario Cariello
950 Aldus St., Bronx



Donna R. Browne
5555 Netherland Ave., Bronx



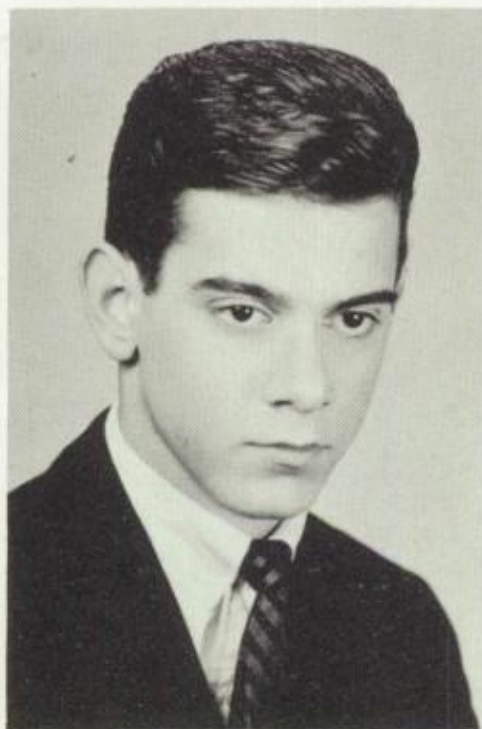
Ronald Bomba
43-10 166th St., Flushing

ADVERTISING ART

*Best Wishes to
Friedman,
Roscoe*



Ronald P. Ciminelli
104-20 211th St., Jamaica



John Chiarkas
20 Catherine Slip, New York

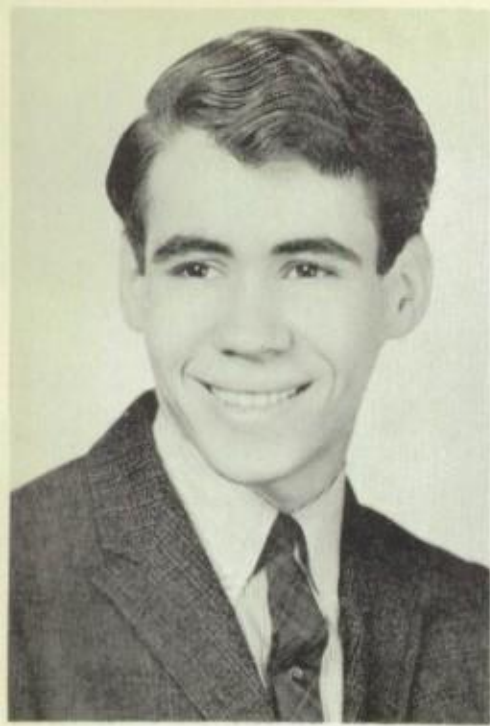
(Sung to "How About You")
I've got thumbnails to do,
How about you,
More roughs and paste-ups too,
How about you.

The above is the theme song of all advertising art students everywhere. But advertising art at its best is sung below for the class of '62.

(Sung to "Summertime")
Spring is here,
And the livin' is lazy,
Lucille is talking,
While the teacher talks too.
There's no tension
In Emilio's layout,
But Jesse's all finished,
Now he-loafs too.

In spite of our being lazy, talkative, inefficient loafers, our Advertising Art classes are the best ever.

Roscoe Orman



Luis A. Claudio
212 E. 20th St., New York



Elliott M. Cohen
5704 Farragut Rd., Brooklyn



Mario D. Cotto
422 State St., Brooklyn



John T. Cotugno
186 Atkins Ave., Brooklyn



Alexander J. Craig
2892 Zulette Ave., Bronx



Frank J. Creaturo
12 Wilson Ave., Brooklyn



Ramon Cruz
209 Eldridge St., New York



Joseph D. Curcio
1678 45th St., Brooklyn



Joseph P. Cursio
642 E. 235th St., Bronx



William Deas
182 South St., New York



John N. DeRosa
275 Blake Ave., Brooklyn



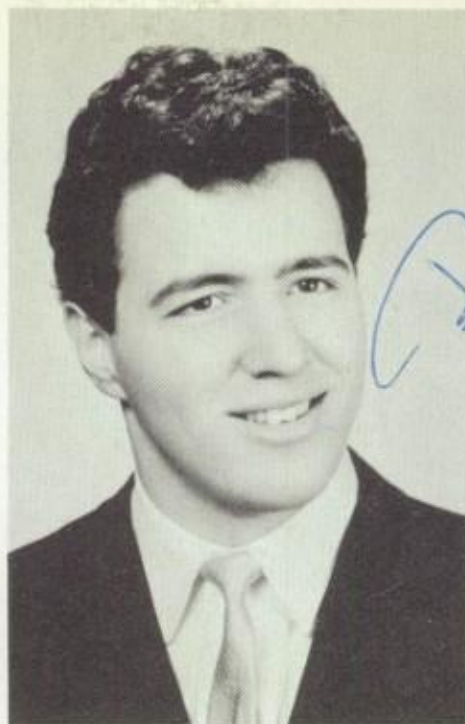
Diane Diamond
33-24 Junction Blvd., Jackson Hts.



Penny L. Feldstein
2445 Williamsbridge Rd., Bronx



Juan Fojardo
208 E. 122nd St., New York



Louis J. Esposito
2704 W. 16th St., Brooklyn



Harry J. Duren
218 Stegg Walk, Brooklyn



Ronald J. Goldblatt
137-16 72nd Road, Flushing



Howard M. Geissler
34-19 90th St., Jackson Hts.



Roger C. Gandolf
144-39 32nd Ave., Flushing



Gloria Flores
1686 Seward Ave., Bronx



Michele J. Green
2830 Olinville Ave., Bronx



Thomas Greco
51 Third St., Brooklyn



Ramon A. Gracteroly
967 Bergen St., Brooklyn



Robert L. Goldman
1124 Grant Ave., Bronx



Louis M. Grimaldi
1931 Walton Ave., Bronx



Erika Guslawski
559 Hendrix St., Brooklyn



Ernest E. Hayes
11-15 F. D. Roosevelt Dr., N. Y.



Erasmo Hernandez
109-23 132nd St., Jamaica



Richard W. Hicks
2957 Wickham Ave., Bronx



William D. Houser
1190 Shakespeare Ave., Bronx



Nicholas Ihasz
2421 Webb Ave., Bronx



James E. Jones
13 Park Place, Brooklyn



Samuel Jusino
269 New Jersey Ave., Brooklyn



The Best of Luck
in the future
Love
Val



Ira M. Krane
164-39 75th Ave., Flushing



Michael Kutun
1766 Stuart St., Brooklyn



Lucille Maglio
1308 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn



Ronald D. Lucas
337 Blake Ave., Brooklyn



Mary Ann Lazara
36-24 13th St., L.I. City



Alan P. Lantieri
52-17 90th St., Elmhurst



Michael A. Maticansky
1105 Boynton Ave., Bronx



John C. Marino
157 Richmond St., Brooklyn



James Maloney
845 Columbus Ave., New York



Micky Maita
308 Edgewater Park, Bronx



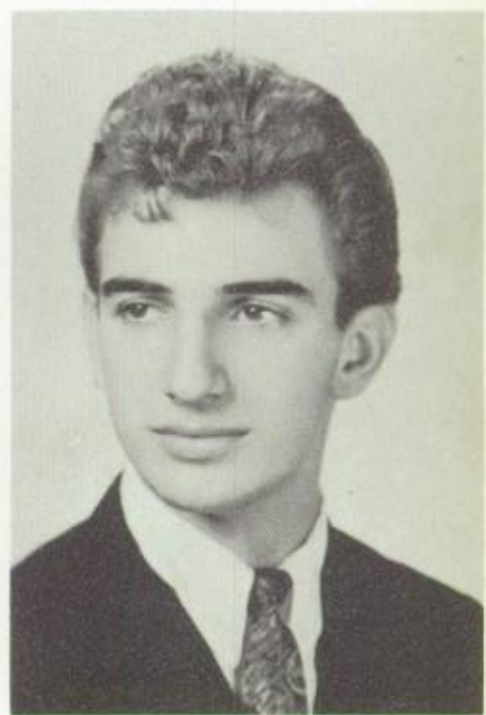
JoAnn R. Morgan
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Robert D. Mennella
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Edward M. Nagler
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Stuart Roy Schwartz
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Helen M. Westphal
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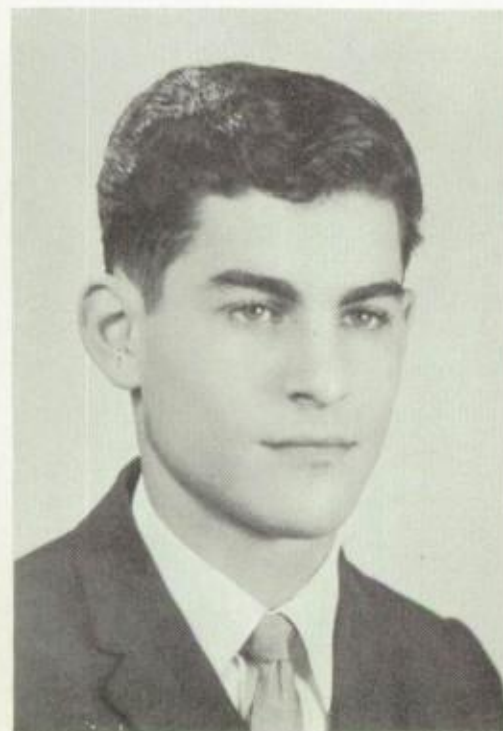
Dominick P. Versace
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Julio Valle
141-35 181st St., Springfield Gds.



Stanley Zlotnick
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Don R. Wilcox
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Patricia A. Lukas
7802 21st Ave., Brooklyn



Renate M. Lude
37-56 101st St., Corona

FASHION ILLUSTRATION

Is that a foot? Looks more like a safety pin. And what about that fabric? The way you've painted that satin it looks like crepe paper.

Yes, you've guessed it! That was an excerpt from our daily conversation in fashion illustration class. With the able help of Mrs. Smith, we will draw feet as feet (not safety pins) and our satin will look like satin (not crepe paper).

With pencil in hand, and ink on our fingers, and our three magic words: high style, technique, and freshness, we will fight our way into the huge, cruel world of fashion.

Marjorie Moses



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34-44 64th St., Woodside



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Patricia Traynor
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Carolyn C. Vecchio
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Laverne C. Waddell
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Karen Welker
2440 Macloy Ave., Bronx



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Ronald L. Landesberg
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Joseph L. Franquis
566 W. 126th St., New York



Frank Sabatella
261 Forbell St., Brooklyn



SILK SCREEN

We, the Senior Silk Screen class, being of sound minds and bodies, do will to our beloved members of the junior Silk Screen shop, the following worn-out possessions, among which are, our dulled knives, victory shaped T-squares, pencil stubs, and our century old screens and squeegies.

We, although being in mortal combat, do nevertheless will to you, the under classmen, the broken bottle of Heinz ketchup, the burnt out light bulbs and the four remaining girls.

We have worked with all unwavering diligence in the shop, under the careful guidance of Mrs. Glicksman, for four periods, and we now ask you, the junior members, to do likewise.

Having run out of our list of possessions, we leave you with one last thought: Hard work never killed anybody.

Ellen McLaren



Ellen J. Werblow
175 E. 151st St., Bronx



Jane Rubin
245 E. 178th St., Bronx



Anita R. Rutch
224-49 67th Ave., Bayside



Mary D. Sarica
322 E. 119th St., New York



Lisa A. Stoyanoff
419 E. 57th St., New York



Linda Pastor
434 E. 105th St., New York

*Take care
don't forget to
love
Jane*

*To You Cold Man!
Bes & of luck
Always
Love Lisa Ta*

*Dear Williams
good + good luck
his*



SIGN AND SHOWCARD

Practice makes perfect signs.

This is our motto, the motto of the Sign and Showcard class.

We practice Old English, Script, Upper case, Lower case and the popular Flooded brush stroke as part of our ever fascinating study of lettering.

We practice A's, B's, C's, long strokes and short strokes as taught us by our skilled teacher and friend, Mr. Switkin.

Large signs, small signs, cardboard signs, window signs, and wooden signs are the products of our trade. We have practiced long and hard to become the skilled and highly trained letterers that the sign and show class of the High School of Art and Design has made us.

We hope that some day we will go out into the sign field as the best trained letterers in our chosen field.

Ellen McLaren



Francisco A. Gonzales
20 E. 116th St., New York



Shaune Blair
28 Marine Ave., Brooklyn



Ilene Myerson
67-36 Springfield Blvd., Bayside



Anthony Iaimo, Jr.
1140 E. 212th St., Bronx



John E. Wieting
533 E. 149th St., Bronx



Marie D. Russo
85 Atkins Avenue, Brooklyn



Victor R. Rodriguez
944 Tiffany St., Bronx



Olga Perz
34-10 30th Ave., Astoria



Steven R. Asnen
212-87 16th Ave., Bayside



Lon J. Berlin
21-41 34th Ave., L.I. City



Vincent C. DeNitto
652 72nd St., Brooklyn



Helen E. Dunn
22 Mt. Morris Pkwy., New York



Anibal Flecha
557 Rockaway Ave., Brooklyn

CARTOONING

In an obscure crevice to the extreme left of a stairway, you may unwittingly come upon a wooden door entitled Cartooning, "a shop or classroom where the Flintstones are drawn." Nowhere else do you find what we have to offer. And just what is that? Tranquillity, dear reader. At no other time of your life will you appreciate the sheer joy of tranquil living as you will the moment you leave our shop. The students here, contrary to popular opinion, are not morons—just devoted patrons of a skill that requires more than just ability, a skill that thrives on facetiousness, on animated conversation, on life and on people.

We cartoonist students have affectionately labeled our room "Woerner-land" in honor of our leader. I think that the gang would be happy if I were to seize this opportunity to thank Mr. Woerner and Mr. Weissman for their help and unwavering patience and we only wish that in remembrance we could leave for their pleasure and delight—a mad board factory.

Michael Rotunno



Joseph J. Gallo
23-91 37th St., Astoria



Stanley Isaacs
62-81 Austin St., Rego Park



Steven A. Greengold
1571 Undercliff Ave., Bronx



Donald Garbera
411 E. 70th St., New York



Francesco N. Margiotta
218-30 110th Ave., Jamaica



George S. Landi
24-49 28th St., Astoria



Patricia A. Kealey
522 E. 83rd St., New York



Madeleine Spencer
160 W. 95th St., New York



Richard J. Shebz
63-04 255th St., Little Neck



Fay Santangelo
7404 15th Ave., Brooklyn



Carlos J. Pile
1679 Prospect Pl., Brooklyn



Janet Gaines
390 Jackson Ave., Bronx



Penny Headley
447 Sixth Ave., New York



Marilyn Masiero
3978 Bell Ave., Bronx



Betty McNamara
908 Edgewater Park, Bronx



Carolyn H. Nash
180 W. 94th St., New York



WINDOW DISPLAY

"Hey, Marilyn, have you seen Judi? Janet, when can we have the window? Kenny, where's the staple gun, and who took my glue? Oh! Carolyn, that's nice. Larry, what's that . . . a mobile? May I have the key to the window, Mr. Soretsky? Juniors, take your seats—PLEASE!! Clean up people. Marilyn, give me the broom."

Aside from all this confusion and mix-up, we have, believe it or not, a very capable display class. There's serious work accomplished amid all the excitement. The art work the display students turn out is unique and varied. There are cut-awls, papier mache, paper sculpture, mobiles, reed work, cardboard mosaics, and miniature windows, to mention just a few.

The graduates of the class either further their education or get employment in many of the well-known department stores throughout our city, creating interesting windows. The next time you stop to admire a window display, keep in mind that it may well be the work of a graduate of the display class.



Kenneth D. Tisdall
360 E. 55th St., New York



Judi Weiner
20 Metropolitan Oval, Bronx

Janet Gaines



Marilyn L. Chipkin
67-12 213 St., Bayside



Robert Brooke
275 Bayview Ave., Richmond



MODELING

But what of those two . . . the ones called Annie and Chippy.

What are they doing?

Why, playing with ducklings of course.

And that one over there . . . the one named Barbs

What is she doing?

Why, looking over her James Dean Scrapbook of course.

And the one called Brooky?

Why does he go from one person to another?

What is he doing?

Why, giving out Common Sense and Sage Advice on
Matters of Varying Importance.

What say you of that tall one they call Nester?

Why does he

Yell So Much, but

Do So Little?

Why, he is the

Boss-Man

Just making sure everyone is cleaning up but him.

We've worked hard, but we have had a lot of fun. Good-by
Mr. Cavalito and Room 705, we're going to miss you.

Amy Langfelder



Margery Carol Kann
595 West End Ave., New York



Gudrun Grabert
34-50 29th St., L.I. City



JoAnn Zerlin
108-50 71st Ave., Forest Hills



Ann Yellen
85-32 Abingdon Rd., Jamaica



Nestor A. Rodriguez
426 W. 27th St., New York



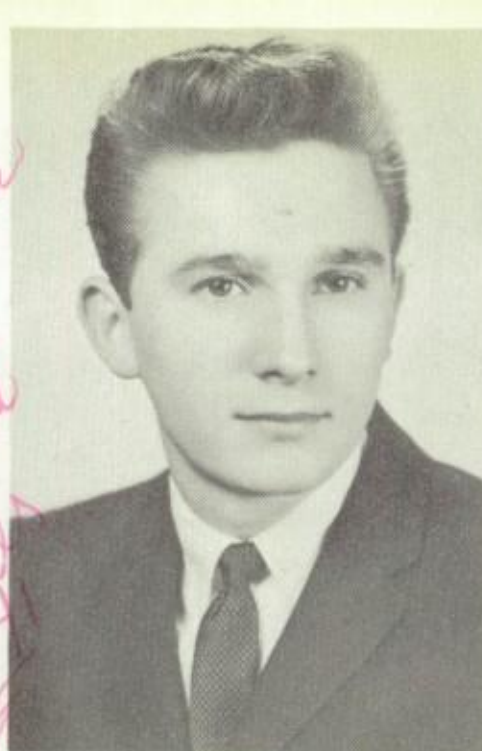
Barbara E. Lipstadt
1686 Seward Ave., Bronx



Peter G. Belzer
374 Pearl St., New York



Barbara A. Crapelli
345 So. 4th St., Brooklyn



Frank Drouin
33-67 55th St., Woodside



Martin L. Finkelstein
2112 Dorchester Rd., Brooklyn

Photo of Peter Finkelstein

Good Luck to a good guy Peter



Anthony S. Lane
33-34 Crescent St., L.I. City



Nancy H. Lowens
80 Van Cortlandt Pk. So., Bronx



William McCartney
443 E. 184th St., Bronx

Best of Luck Books



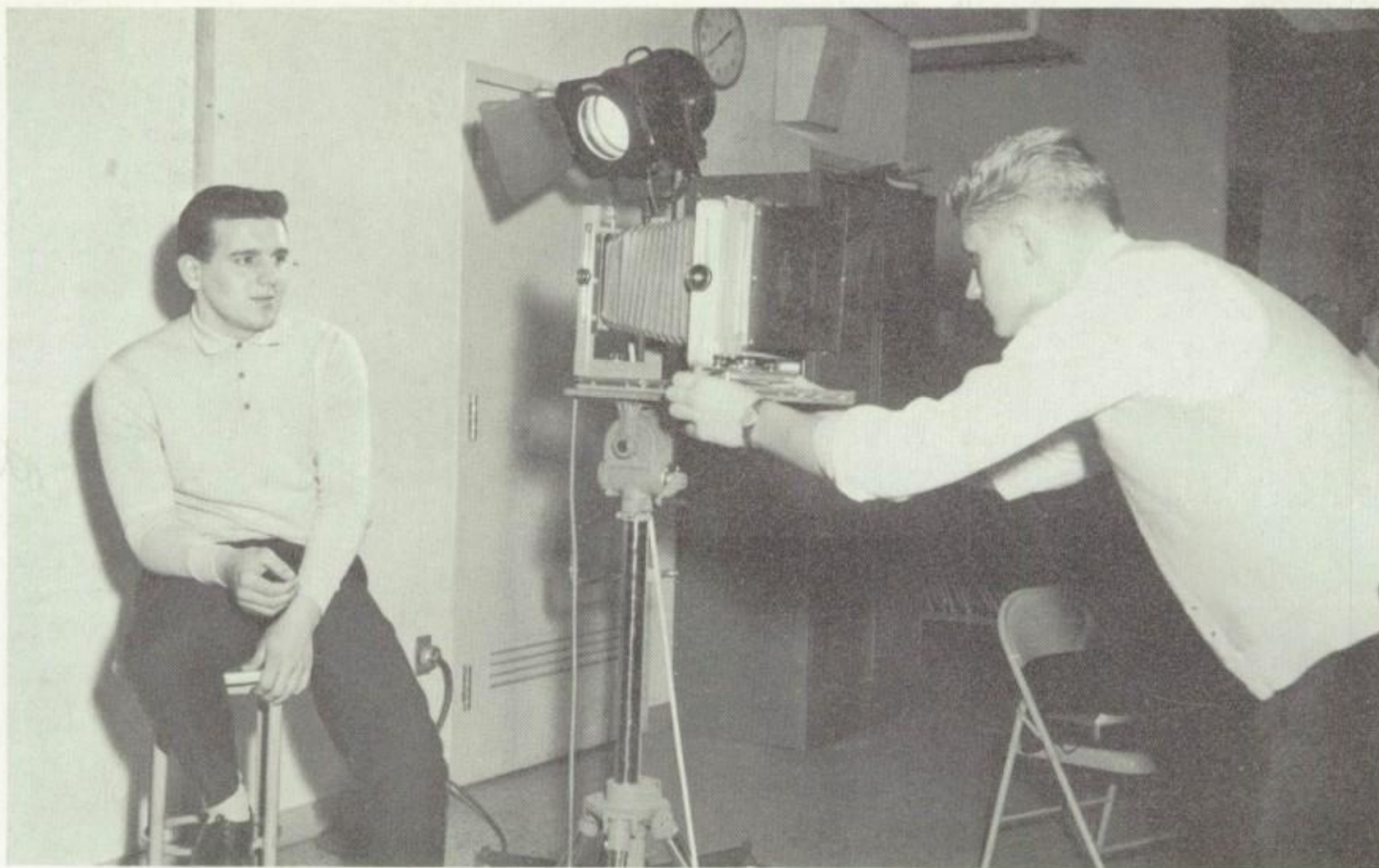
Michael J. Palmeri, Jr.
640 Water St., New York



Bodo Storm
936 Woodycrest Ave., Bronx



Robert D. Tringali
33 Strong Pl., Brooklyn



PHOTOGRAPHY

The varied art departments of A and D work in an extreme range of media. Most use pens, pencils, and brushes—materially normally associated with the field of art. But students in the photography department employ a unique medium with which they create their works of art. These students use light as their medium and the camera is their "brush". Yes, photography is an art and should be treated as such. The notion that photography is little more than pushing down a button is completely erroneous; our students learn to be creative and individualistic in their photography.

Mr. Rosenfeld emphasizes projects which stress individuality and creativity. Outmoded methods have been discarded and an extra emphasis has been placed on composition and technical quality.

To repeat, the students in photography are artists and are continually turning out work that compares favorably with that of professionals now working in the field.

Anthony S. Lane



Barry Weiser
410 Beach 54th St., Arverne



John Weliczko
106 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn



George Chris
515 W. 236th St., Bronx



Eve Gribbin
82-46 Lefferts Blvd., Kew Gardens



Frank Hernandez
972 Rogers Pl., Bronx



Suzanne Hodess
2140 Seward Ave., Bronx

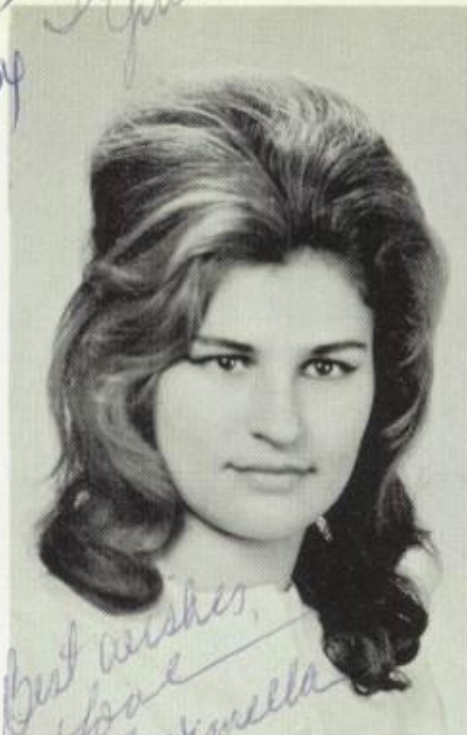




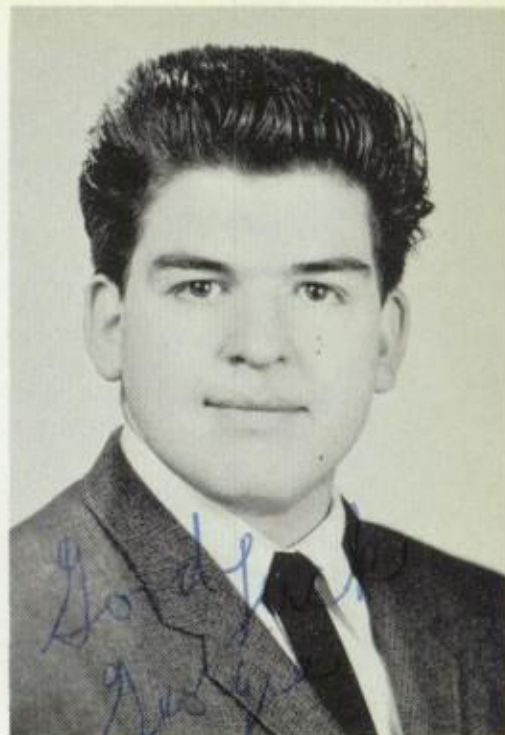
Edwin Matos
60 E. 102nd St., New York



Sandra Lerman
28-01 Union St., Flushing



Carmella E. Tringone
487 Wild Ave., Travis, S.I.



George LoGiudice
6410 11th Ave., Brooklyn

THEATER ARTS

Hammer, nail, pin hinge, screw, saw, file:
Our shop echoes all the while.

Hurry, hasten, hustel, hike
To meet those deadlines and the like.

Paint brush in hand ready to paint
The late bell rings—then we faint.

"House lights up. No, not that way!"
We must rehearse another day.

The lighting plan is in the prop room
The show's about to start.
If no one has the key we're doomed.
"Who ever called this art?"

"The curtain cue, the curtain cue!"
"Who forgot that it was due?"
"Who always forgets, I'll make a bet . . .
The one who fouls up all our sets!"

"Can't we even take a bow?"
"No we must all cow-tow
To the actors and the actresses
Who walk within our fortresses."

Scenic design is life sublime;
We whine because we have no time.

Eve Gribbin



Nicholas T. Mitrano
4030 Laconia Ave., Bronx



Jules J. Segot
318 E. 56th St., New York



Eliot Weingart
73-06 192nd St., Flushing



Charles G. Alvarado
24 Monument Walk, Brooklyn



William T. Ambrose
1721 Hobart Ave., Bronx

ARCHITECTURE

Deep within the steel canyons of this great metropolis, beyond the bright lights of Broadway and the pigeon sanctuary of 59th Street, all of which is encompassed by the vast rolling plains of the Art and Design campus, lies the secluded hub of the entire architectural world. As a visitor, after first securing passage into the inner recesses of our beloved Alma Mater, one is struck by the awesome hub-bub of activity which emanates from the architectural workroom.

Here work 34 of the nation's most reknowned and honored design students, led by the guiding hand of Dr. Erwin T. Muller. We are extremely fortunate to arrive at a most rare and opportune moment . . . the "shop-talk." These brief lectures, which generally consume the greater part of the day, center upon such controversial topics as: structural technology, religion, foreign policy, suburban life, Williamsburg, Virginia, the marking system, and random thoughts on philosophy.

Being reluctantly dragged from the platform, thus concluding the "shop-talk" for the day, Dr. Muller retires to his small plot of hollowed ground in the rear of our cinder-block chamber to catch his second wind. He turns reminiscently towards the open window and draws a long breath of carbon monoxide fumes as he gazes upon the skyline which he did so much to create.

But a man such as he needs no praise. His overwhelming modesty will not permit him to divulge the nature of the innumerable radical and trend-setting designs which have been consistently associated with his name.

Thus prepared, happily we find that there are more positions in the architectural world than graduates to fill them.

by Thaddeus G. Whitley



Peter Andros
51-10 64th St., Woodside



Roger A. Borgmeier
1546 Robertson Pl., Bronx



Paul Q. Brown
1225 Nelson Ave., Bronx



Raffaele D. DeFolco
786 Garden St., Bronx



Marcel Fitzner
196 E. 75th St., New York



Klaus H. Gersdorf
669 Eagle Ave., Bronx



Howard E. Glickman
80-17 Bell Blvd., Jamaica



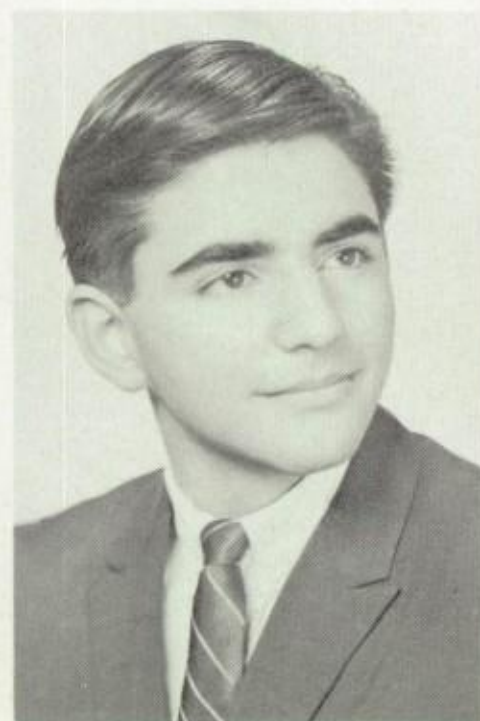
Leonard Goldstein
1099 Longfellow Ave., Bronx



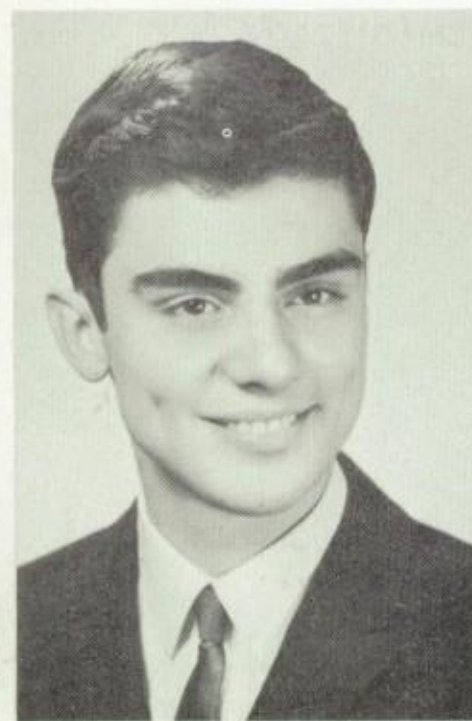
Richard E. Horn
2250 Haviland Ave., Bronx



Raymond E. Kemble
1707 Hobart Ave., Bronx



Theofilos Kondos
185 Audubon Ave., New York



Frank C. Lembo
77 Essex St., Brooklyn



Robert F. Lonfgren
346 E. 81st St., New York



Michael J. Perlman
179-53 137th Ave., Jamaica



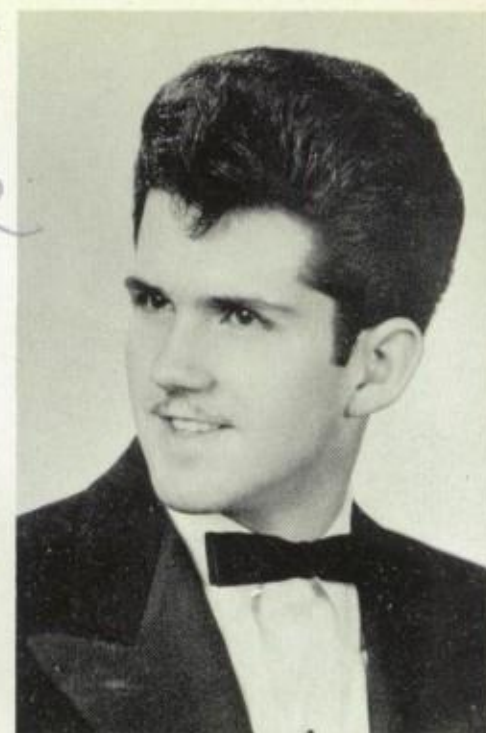
Joseph P. Petruccione
2920 Zulette Ave., Bronx



Michael J. Portnoy
957 Hegeman Ave., Brooklyn



Ralph E. Powe
700 Macon St., Brooklyn



Victor L. Robles
811 Bryant Ave., Bronx



Roy Schwartz
73-75 Park Drive E., Flushing



Thomas Simack
2327 Andrews Ave., Bronx



Carlton A. Smirni
1392 Crotona Ave., Bronx



Haim T. Steinbach
2411 Webb Ave., Bronx



Terry J. Tomaselli
43-30 46th St., L.I. City



Patricia A. Vassallo
48 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn



Paul Vejnoska
30-80 45th St., Astoria



Thaddeus G. Whitley
748 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn

Best wishes
Ralph
Powe

Best of Luck
in everything
over the summer
Tom

Join me
everywhere
though you
don't drink
wine
Thank

Hand Ball (bull-!)
Terry the
great

Speedman
or his
ways
fast

SIGN SOMETHING

To President
Best of Luck

PAUL VEJNOSKA

CAMERA SHY

Russell M. Beal
79-58 69th Ave., Middle Village

Leroy Johnson
30-32 E. 128th St., New York

Theodore C. Bentz
1111 Glenmore Ave., Brooklyn

Jeanne Katz
133 W. 71st St., New York

Walter R. Boot
20-37 Steinway St., L.I. City

Alfred F. Massa
1168 66th St., Brooklyn

Richard A. Bryant
305 Park Place, Brooklyn

Robert Paige
22 Convent Ave., New York

George C. Burgess
452 W. 163rd St., New York

Vincent Paladino
61 Second St., Brooklyn

Vincent J. Cinnamo
320 E. 112th St., New York

Beverly E. Pankowitz
2532 Creston Ave., Bronx

Carl J. Cusanelli
34-07 56th St., Woodside

Genevieve Peters
533 E. 11th St., New York

Edward DeSandre
73-18 53rd Ave., Maspeth

Richard F. Piscani
1065 E. 231st St., Bronx

Carlos A. Druet
255 Broome St., New York

Ismael Porrata
15 Locust St., Brooklyn

Boris Esterkis
1136 E. 58th St., Brooklyn

Jane Rosenblatt
25 Central Park W., New York

Jackie Ferro
181 Woodbine St., Brooklyn

Carl G. Rothbaum
131-19 230th St., Laurelton

Jose L. Figueroa
3619 Laconia Ave., Bronx

Benedict L. Sfaglia
2326 W. 8th St., Brooklyn

Simon A. Gaon
250 W. 94th St., New York

Michael A. Stephenson
1382 Crotona Ave., Bronx

Donald J. Glaser
2084 Creston Ave., Bronx

Wilfredo Surita
681 Courtlandt Ave., Bronx

William Haritakis
3178 Bay View Ave., Brooklyn

Anthony L. Tutrone
221 Sackett St., Brooklyn

Cary M. Howard
2482 Brigham St., Brooklyn

Orlando S. Velazquez
733 Crotona Park N., Bronx

Everardo A. Jefferson
962 E. 172nd St., Bronx

Freidiman B. Williams
1226 Prospect Ave., Bronx

Bernadette Wyatt
311 E. 102nd St., New York



*Best of luck
for the future
once*

*Best of luck
and don't forget to
write Bob Paige*

*What ever you
do make your
name
at the
provers
of the
Wethers
to a
photo of
look me up
if you ever
see me
in Red Hook
Long*

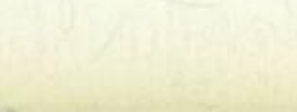
*Good luck in what
ever you may undertake
for Bernadette
Wyatt*

Page?

Alma Mater

Lyrics by Dorothy Wigderson

Jesse Sonberg



4 + D we give to you Love and Honor Friendship true, Here the bonds of youth were strong,

work and play and hap-py song. In-spi-ra-tion for each heart, strength of will to do our part,

Clear of vision we can see, future joys all stem from thee A + D in song we raise,

Sweet and strong your lasting praise, - Melodies that rise and fall, Brothers one and Artists all, Brothers one and Artists All-

**A literary art
magazine
of the High School
of Art and Design**

ODYSSEY '62

Literary Editors

Thaddeus G. Whitley
Pat Vassallo



TEMPLE OF ZEUS , OLYMPIA

Literary Advisor

Mrs. Hannah Hess

Art Advisor

Mr. Ben Clements
Mr. Jack Biegleisen

Photography Advisor

Mr. David Rosenfeld

OH TO BE YOUNG AGAIN

The cold dampening rain and snow of winter has eased. Spring has crept slowly and quietly through my closed door. Yes, spring. But what is spring? To most of us spring is the season when nature awakens; it is a season of rollicking fun and gaiety . . . "To most." But why does it not mean this to me? Why am I constantly bothered by my inner fears, worries and emotion?

One fine spring day, as I dragged my lifeless carcass to school, as I walked quietly and stupidly up two flights of stairs and into my official class, as I sat dreamingly in my assigned seat with my chin on my fist, I began to wonder. "Where am I? Who am I? What am I?" A thousand unanswered questions began to run through my mind. Then as I sat puzzled . . . I heard bells . . . yes . . . believe it or not, I actually heard bells. Next a jolly old voice began speaking to me . . . "Good morning kiddies. Take out your history of art book and we shall begin our lesson." No. 1, who was Raphael? "Raphael," I began to wonder, "Is he a friend of mine? Is he my uncle? Is he my brother? Who is this man?" Then I was standing up and saluting the flag. It suddenly came to me. I am in school. It is just another ordinary day at school. But, no, it is not an ordinary day. Today I have a double period of geometry. With that thought in mind I searched furiously through my school case. Oh God, I forgot my geometry book, with my homework in it. Then I thought of him. What will he say, what will he do to me? I walked to the sixth floor counting the steps, and in my mind I was Jack clutching the golden egg and he was the great big giant chasing me around a right triangle. When I entered the room I saw him seated evilly behind a huge desk, smirking at us nastily, holding his text book between his grimy hands. Why do I shake and shiver? Why do I fear him so? . . . Me! the boy who sends married women screaming from bridges. Me! the son of a gun who drives young maidens to the bottle. Where is my self confidence, my ego? . . . Where has it gone to? My thoughts were shattered by a sly, "Put your homework on your desk." Sweat began to pour from my brow. What will I say when he calls on me? Will I shrink and shiver as always? I had no time to think for he called on me first. The class was silent as I tried to think of an answer or excuse. But he sensed my nervousness and demanded. "John where is your text book?" "I've forgotten it home sir." "Where is your homework?" "I've forgotten that also, sir." "Why didn't you forget to come to geometry? Maybe I'll forget to give you a passing mark in June? When are you going to wake up?" Oddly enough he began to take pleasure in watching me suffer. As he smirked he gave the impression that in his spare time he credited himself with his ingenious methods of torturing flies. As he needled me, I tried to search for refuge, some means of escape. I found as I glanced from the window, there adjacent to our school. I watched the little children play carelessly with each other. It seemed as if the teacher could not control them; even when she shouted and threatened the children paid no attention. But, when He spoke we jumped. Then it came to me. the secret of life, the thing I've been searching for throughout my long and questioning existence. There it was right there in the playground.



Michael Richman

As I watched I heard something calling to me . . . be young. Yes, those youngsters are without worries or cares. They have no ambitions, so they fear no one. There's the secret. Be happy while you have the chance and in your old age, search for joy and if it cannot be found, remember your joys and happiness of the past and relive them again in your mind. For life stands alone, begging you to find it and swing it around by its tail. Yes, take away someone's position and he is the same as you, "Flesh and Blood." Don't watch life go by. Be smart, take a front seat and move with it. There's the secret: fear no man, but scare no man. Think young, feel young and above all be young. A nudge from my neighbor told me that I had dozed off. And I'll be darned but he was still telling me off. As I looked again at problem one, I realized that the answer was very simple. Yes, parallel! Realizing the answer I stood up and shouted parallel, and again parallel, parallel, parallel. As I waked up to his now small desk, I continuously shouted parallel. I stood in front of him and he began to quiver and shake. While staring in his eyes I noticed something creeping through his hair and off his brow. It was sweat, all American sweat. He was scared. Laughter began to fill the room. He fell to his knees, sobbing and begging me to stop. With that the class stood and cheered me, throwing their geometry books into the air. I modestly turned and made a small bow. Next thing I knew I was on somebody's shoulders and we were marching down an endless hallway singing "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf." The class was right behind, singing and cheering. The group kept getting larger and larger and if I'm not mistaken I noticed a few teachers singing with us.

This essay was not written for the person who gets a whirl out of life, who laughs by day and howls by night. No, it's for you who quivers at an unkind word, sweats during a final exam and cries at a failing mark. "This is not how life was meant to be lived. BE YOUNG. Don't just repeat to yourself,
 "OH TO BE YOUNG AGAIN."

—John Chiarkas



Michael Stafford

SO BIG

*How big that sky looked at the dock
How long its horn did sound
But on the sea it seemed to rock
And waves tossed it around
To us a ship seems full of might
And rugged does it stand
But on the seas once out of sight,
Small as a grain of sand.
When you have thoughts that make you sad
Recall that ship and learn
What seems so hard and looks so bad
Is small. Joy will have its turn.*

—Nancy Lowens

SONNET

*We've known each other for too short a while
To need preserve our gladnesses. But when
Your ways, become familiar, won't beguile
Me with their sweet unfolding Dear, what then?
When I have captivated you, I'll take
And chisel down this pleasure. I will mar
And strip and fashion you again and make
You just a little smaller than you are.
When loving you no longer is a game,
I warn you I'll begin to want someone
A little bigger, with a heart less tame
Or mild than yours, and not so quickly won.
Since love to me is an uncovering,
It lasts no longer than discovering.*

—Lisa Stoyanoff



Donna Browne



Ronald Bomba

*To open the book and look inside
to see the face that wants to hide,
to find a box and crawl inside,
to buy a boat and sail away,
to be rid of the hard, encrusting clay
that crumbles and falls,
holding in its huge blue hands
the last of life
torn from the earth;
and That shall be the end.*

*To drop a tear
to bounce and splash
and wash away the dust;
what matter to any other's heart?*

*If life is only death
and death night
and night simply day
without light
or hurry,
without sun,
with only sleep
and peaceful dying
and nightmares,
leaving nothing to do
but sit and hum
and wait for the damning dawn to come,
what use have we in living?
Who has lived to see the day
be born by Night?*

Who?

*Any work we do
wastes itself on life.
Who will ever hope
and have his hope come true?*

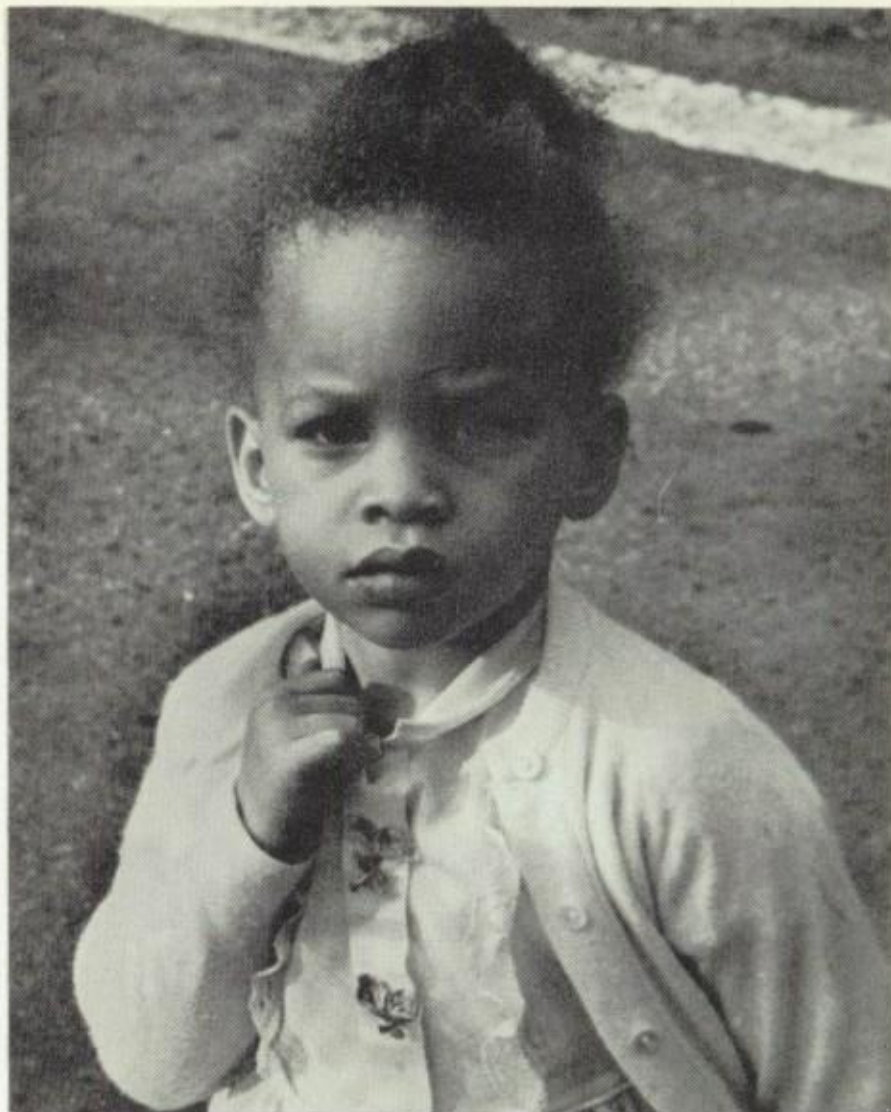
Who?

*All cry
and read
and be ashamed
and proud
and scared
and without love
from those unknown;
all die.*

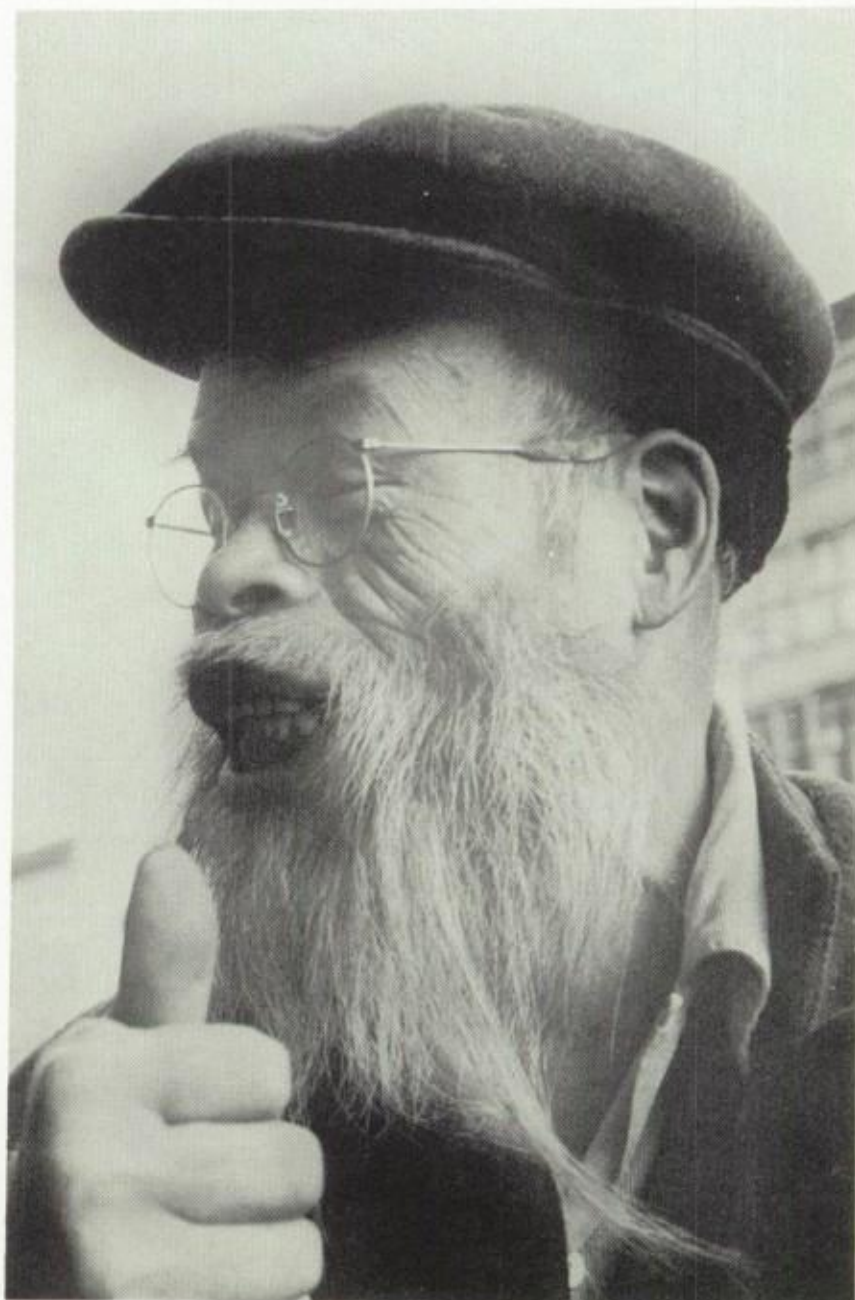
*What use have we
in living a waste?*

What?

—Ann Prosser



Anthony Lane



Peter Barry

THE UMBRELLA

As I sat patiently waiting for my turn in the barber shop, I watched Harry snipping and cutting his customer's hair. I can always tell Harry's moods by watching him work. When he is sad, his brown eyes, which are too large for his small face, seem sad. His minute, carefully trimmed, mustache twitches slightly as if an inward sigh of grief is filtering right down to the roots of the short black hairs bristling beneath his prominent nose. His immaculate coat moves up and down in a slow regular rhythm over his chest as if his heart is very heavy.

At last it was my turn in the tonsorial contraption. As Harry beckoned to me, the mist in his eyes evaporated and he beamed with obvious pleasure. He held up the white sheet in which he intended to envelop me, and he shook it out much in the manner of a toreador enticing a bull. I seated myself in his chair, knowing I was about to be treated to an account of one of his adventures.

"How ya doin'?" I asked encouragingly.

"Well, I can't complain about business," he replied. "This job is hard on my feet. But I manage to make a living—you know, bread, and butter, and sometimes even a little jam—and I enjoy talking to my customers. Things would be fine—if only my wife wouldn't nag me so much!"

"What do you mean?" I coaxed.

"Eh, she's always starting something. Always starting trouble! Take what just happened only last night. Boy! I hope I never have another evening like that!"

"What happened last night?" I queried, with a fascination that bordered on fear of what a torrent of words such a question would unleash.

Harry shook his head sadly.

"It started when my wife insisted on being taken out somewhere. She always complains, 'I want to get out of the house. I'm sick and tired of looking at these four walls!' So I took her over to one of those little coffee shops that are springing up all over the Village. You know the kind of joint. Some fellow rents an empty store; he moves in some wooden tables and chairs; he gets a lot of empty chianti bottles and puts candles in them to try'n make the place look romantic; he asks a friend to paint—excuse the expression—murals on the bare walls; and he's in business! He prints menus with fancy names of different coffee concoctions, and he charges fancy prices. Usually there's cake and sandwiches, too. The place we went to last night even served liquor.

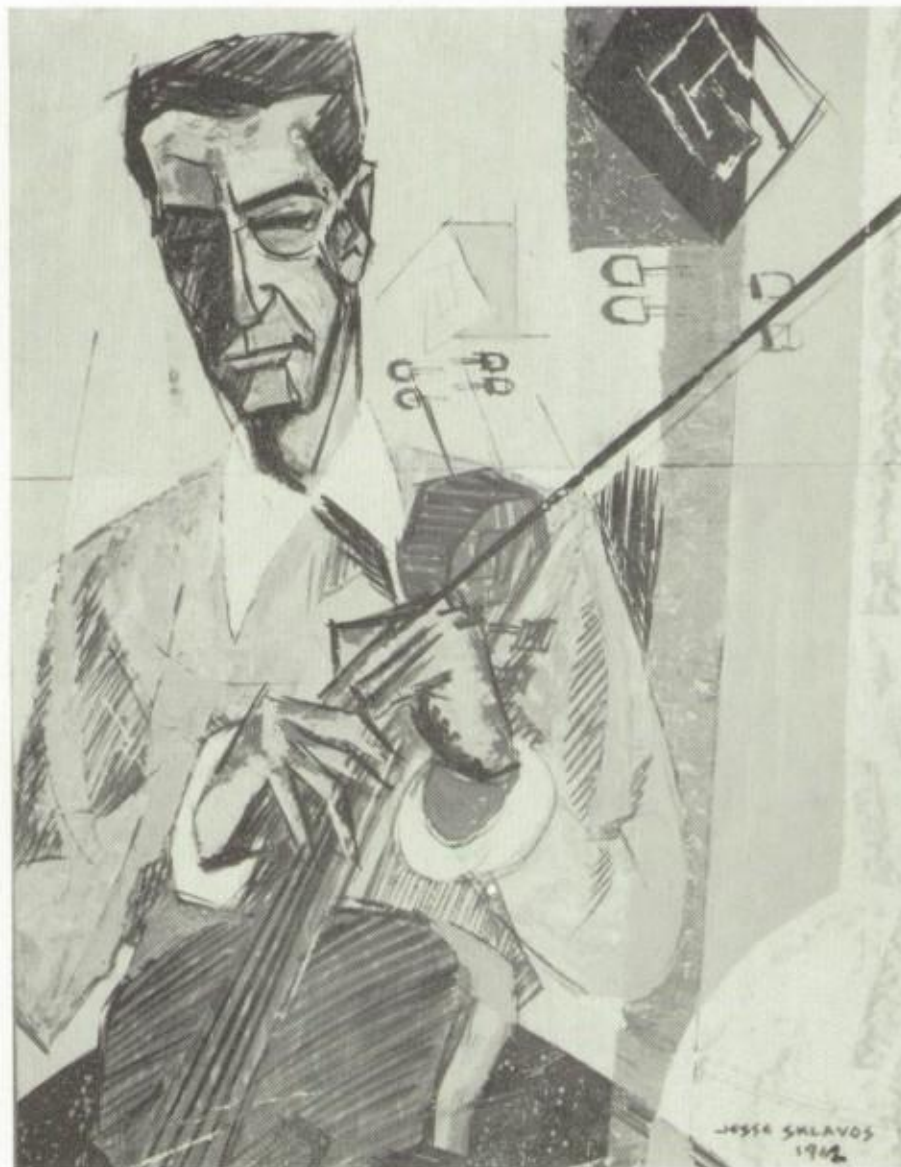
"We went there right after supper. I figured it wouldn't cost much to spend an hour or so there. Besides, I could rest my feet. What was even better, my wife wouldn't be nagging me; she'd be too busy eavesdropping!

"Well, to go on with the story: I was sitting at a table with my wife, and I was looking around when I happened to see an umbrella right near my wife's chair. How I wish I never saw the cursed thing!

"I turned to a couple—a man and his wife—at the next table. Holding up the umbrella, I asked:

"Is this your umbrella, madam?"

"Why, no," she replied quickly. I put the umbrella on a chair nearby.



Jesse Sklavos

"'Stupid!' hissed my wife. 'Why did you say that, you dummy? Now you just keep an eye on that umbrella. When those people leave, I'll pretend it's mine.'"

Harry interrupted his tale long enough to step back and appraise his handiwork. Satisfied, he resumed both the haircut and the story.

"That umbrella was a very expensive one. It had a long ebony handle with a heavy gold knob on top. I knew my wife would never leave the restaurant without it, and I had to agree I had not been smart. Just then I heard the guy whisper to his wife, 'You fool' You haven't an ounce of sense.' When I heard this," Harry went on, his voice trailing off in a soft wail, "I called to the waiter and ordered two more coffees. At the same time the guy ordered two more, also. It was eight-thirty. I waited. He waited.

"At a quarter past nine the waiter started to parade in front of us. I ordered two more coffees with fancy names. This jerk did likewise. An hour later, I started to get very hungry. Even the high prices on the menu couldn't stop my hunger. I ordered two sandwiches and two glasses of wine. Hoarsely, the guy, too, asked for sandwiches. The waiter — may he go to the Devil! — announced that they had nothing left but chicken sandwiches at a dollar and a quarter each, an' that after ten o'clock the wine they served was in bottles. We ate as slowly as possible, but even at that my wife and I were soon finished. We waited some more. Silently I prayed that the guy would give up and leave. But no! He just sat there as if he were paralyzed!

"In the meantime, the place was getting hot and stuffy. Around eleven my wife said that she was terribly thirsty. Anyway, the waiter was beginning to glare at us. So I ordered the cheapest thing I could think of—beer. I muttered to my wife to linger, but she drained the glass at a gulp. The thought of the money I was wasting made me want to cry. My only consolation was that this jerk was also mentally calculating his bill.

"At half past twelve we were still there, exhausted. Parched with thirst, I signalled to the waiter, since I couldn't speak, for more beer and sandwiches. And then," said Harry, his voice teetering on the brink of tears, "I could hardly keep from picking up a plate and hitting the waiter with it when he said only champagne was served after midnight.

"My brain in a whirl, I sat there sipping champagne at one in the morning, when the proprietor began to close up for the night. At the next table, the guy was faintly staring at us, also drinking champagne. In a few minutes, we both tottered to our feet and gestured for the checks. Mine came to \$50. I nearly collapsed!"

As the memory of the previous night closed in on him, Harry had to wipe his brow, feverishly.

"And as if that wasn't enough," he concluded, "there I stood, ruined, when the proprietor came out from behind the cashier's counter; and going straight over to the umbrella he carried it out with him.

"The waiter just leered at us with a nasty grin on his face. The devil take them both!"

—Lisa Stoyanoff



Donna Browne

ESSAY ON SELF-DESTRUCTION

*Observe! Man claimed it was for protection, When the bullet
he displayed as his invention; Though very powerful indeed
and essential for defense, He soon rendered it insufficient
to quell the offense, Few men can or will be satisfied,
Short of heaven, hell, or paradise, So he strove to exceed his
weapons, And with noble designs he created one;
larger, viler, more conducive to our peace,
He offered it to mankind so wars would cease;
So peculiar how man justified murder—
Deems it virtues and is lauded as a martyr;
Nation's integrity and preservation compromise the excuse,
And stockpiles of energy are hoarded for use;
So unlimited is science; its potential is yet untapped,
And man so constricted, he tampers beyond his knack;
Not quenched by power, unless it is supreme,
Man toys with explosives to enhance his esteem;
And diplomats dressed in black, discuss and ponder,
While insidious nations turn their backs and plunder,
Morality is a tricky word, it pertains only to oneself,
Opponents swear on a book, then return it to the shelf.
Politicians rant shout, insist on decisive action,
Reveal to no lusty tongues, and bribe to win elections;
When bombs threaten, and time is getting late,
Prayers will go unheard, the politicians mold our fate;
Strength leads to avarice, weakness to the grave,
In-between dangers are vassals to the knave;
Alas! Man's Eden is not in sight,
Only a fool, in optimism, would delight.*

—Eve Gribbin



Emilio Ruiz

HAIKUS

I

"Searching"

*The great gnarled oak stands
Reaching its frosted fingers
Into the dull sky*

II

"Life"

*The gaunt brown sparrow
Pecks hopelessly at the snow—
Ah, why is it so?*

III

"Night"

*Across the empty square,
How cold the wind blows: And I,
Solitary there,*

IV

"Spring"

*Soft mist in my face
Swallow chirping in the haze—
Fine green, what grace!*

—Lisa Stoyanoff

BLACK ON WHITE

*It was a simple white sheet,
Pure white paper,
Except for
A tiny fleck of
Black.
I showed the piece to people
And I questioned them . . .
All answered, ..I see a speck of Black."
But they were wrong—all of them:
They saw nothing,
For they did not see
The White!*

—Lisa Stoyanoff



Diane Diamond

Golf



Tennis



Handball

TEAMS



Track



Bowling



Basketball

Chorus



Jazz Band



Visitor from Malaya



G.O. Council



Medical

Rifle

CLUBS

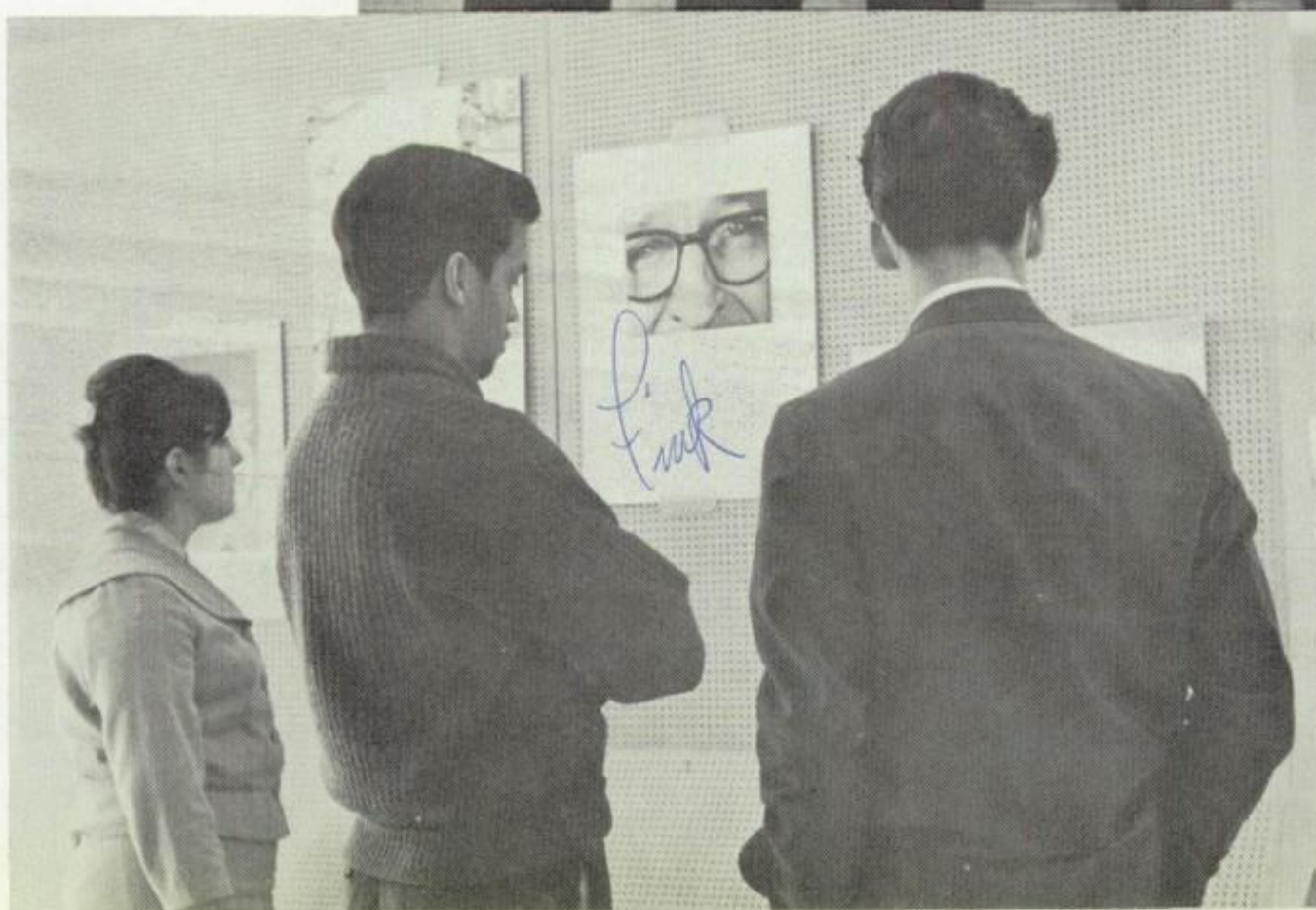


Exhibit Hall

MY QUESTION

*I have groped for light in darkness
For answers to the searchings
of my deepest being
who am I
what am I
why am I?
And some of the wise have said
The answer is God.
And some of the fine have said
The answer is man.
And some of the good have said
There is no answer.
And all I know is
my smallness overwhelms me
And I think I know
That I shall never really know.*

—Nancy Lowens

A DAY IS BORN

*As I lie in my bed in the darkness
And think of the coming morn,
I wonder again and again to myself,
Just how a new day is born.
Is it just a twinkle of the sun and stars,
Or the fading light of the moon
That makes the day so very bright
And brings the morn so soon?*

—Janet Gaines



Arthur Blake



David Houser

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY

Her fingers are so pretty and little, but my cousin still hasn't told me if she's three or four. Her fingers are failing to convey her age to me, but rather to confuse me more.

Cris and James will get angry if I don't write to them, my cousin Maryann says. This document is therefore addressed to Cris and James. I have a head that's going around like I had one too many to drink. I guess the reason is that I was reading the Sunday newspaper in the car while it was in motion, a car which not only drove over country road but over dirt, potato, and rock roads, whose rear backed up into an egg farm and a potato barn, whose front distorted my mind more by the seemingly loud screech like voices of my parents.

Excuse me, but I will now eat dinner at my Aunt Nettie's house. My aunt's five year old mint jelly wasn't as bad as I thought it would be and the wine cleared my head a little. A better conclusion as to why I felt dizzy is that I was hungry.

Maryann says to write to James only. This document is therefore now issued to only James.

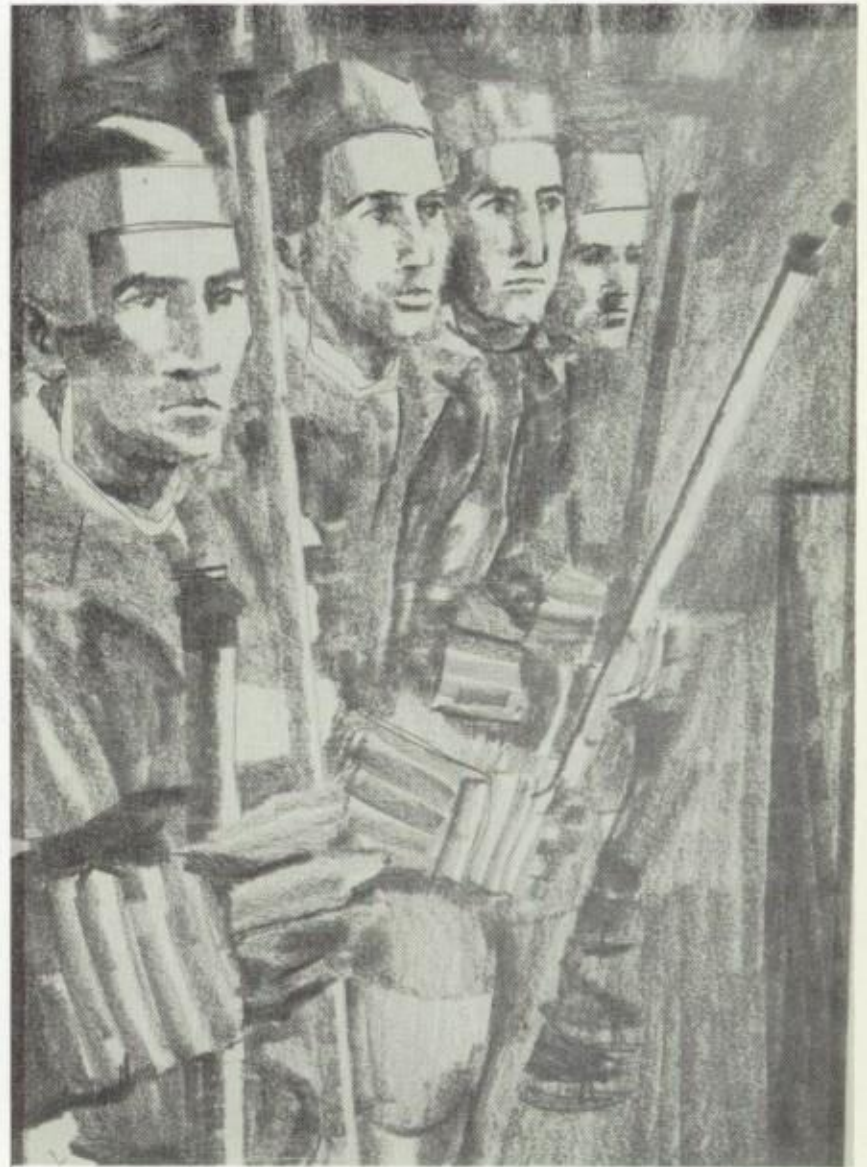
"Why," you say, "why all this?" Because I want to develop my nature instead of covering it with just practical trifles. For instance, my nature doesn't like to lend itself to killing, but I had no choice but to drown that roach down the sink drain. I wonder how it must have felt to that roach going down into that deep, dark, wet slimy hole, never again to see the light. Life removed at less than the flick of an eyelash. Some people say I go off the subject, so I have left the subject up to you.

It seems to me I'm always saying I have to go home if I'm not already there. Why? To try to gain knowledge by doing my homework. These educators are trying to help us develop our characters, or in other words, give us our say in life. This is all very well and good if you can obtain this. In many a case, though, if I were to ask a person educated through college, or my little cousin here, what they had to say for themselves, their answer would probably be, and I quote Maryann, "nothing." Nothing besides their momentary activities and thoughts, just as Maryann seems to be carried away by a tommygun and the word gutter, and who shot the gun into the gutter. Now she's practically in tears. She wants to know where her crayons are.

The sermon in church today was about authority. The priest's last words were it's a sin to rebel against authority without good cause. No wonder we are all sinners . . . Again I'm not saying that conforming to authority doesn't have its good points.

Maryann now wants this black and white pen and I must not keep her waiting. IT SEEMS I WILL HAVE TO WRITE THE REST OF THIS DOCUMENT IN PENCIL BECAUSE MY PEN HAS RUN AWAY WITH MARYANN. NOW THAT I HAVE A CLEAR HEAD I CAN'T SEEM TO THINK OF ANYTHING MORE TO SAY, just that this is my father's pen and now that Maryann has returned it to me I'll have to return it to my father. Am I conversing, or reasoning, or somewhere in between? Aren't we all somewhere in between?

—Janet Planell



Jesse Sklavos

PASSING FANCIES

*Sweet music softens my troubled thoughts.
The tapping of shoes as they walk the board-
walk.
The fading away sound of a sound of a plane.
A butterfly swings towards me,
My eyes catch its shadow on the soft glowing
sand.
My blanket lies half way in shadow and half way
in the lights.
The shadows caused by the board walk. I look
up at the board walk with its lights and darks
and people's shadows glide over and over its
specks of light caused by the lights seeping
through the boards.
When one squints one's eyes, one can see.
blinking lights.
The light of the sun which has just come out
of a cloud.
The same sun that warms my weary body.
Of people I hear only voices and see only
images.
One of those passing fancies lies beside my
elbow; a radio from which that sweet music
comes.
I feel as if I were as much as a radio, just
a passing fancy.
But then that can be said of anything and
this too shall pass.
Then a little tot with yellow diapers on, but
not pink, and a sailor's hat throws me a smile
and a kiss with his little hand,
then runs to two tall people who are familiar
with him.
"Come on Bobby" they say, a little
scream of protest is issued by Bobby but he
reluctantly walks off.*

—Janet Plenell



Ira Bassin



Michael Oles

BROTHERS

who knows me?

not the mother who bore me;

not the father who molded my character;

nor the teachers who guide me.

none know me.

for when i lay open my heart

it is a strange, unintelligible language.

i tell my secrets to my sacred music,

to a panorama of autumn colors,

to the sturdy, dusk-darkened spruce.

i cannot confide in the gay, the pretty;

*nor in those who are preoccupied with their
own problems;*

nor, strangely, in the youthful or the innocent,

*for none could understand the heaviness, the
loneliness which burdens my heart.*

"no man is an island."

this is not true.

i am alone

you, also.

*but my labors will be to build the bridge
from my soul to yours.*

my bricks will be love, loyalty, and understanding.

and though i will never be able

to fathom your soul,

nor you mine,

we will have tried.

—Eve Gribbin



William McCartney

A GARDEN-CLOSE

I stand in a garden-close; curled thick with gorgeous dyes
And the days are sapphire-vaults as Spring breaks from winter.
The air is bright with scent of soft clover; The mystic and sweet
life of the trees swells in green and tender bark, or bursts to buds
of emerald;

Violets, true fairy flowers, peer from their green—wood Bower;
the happy star—bells shine like stars of morn; and The vernal
rose thrusts open her heart. Butterflies, In rainbow—painted
liveries, quiver on dew—drenched Petal-pavilions, while the
overhead birds change blossoms to snow as they wring their way
to charm the wood with song. Why! This wondrous world seems
waking in delight! Unseen, I watch all enraptured, till, in a vision,
I see him lying there, Ambition's slave, blinded to the pleasure
in Nature, his soul leaden and cold! What worth to him are the
pink-plumed lady's slippers on the live, curious creatures if the
very birds sound out of tune and the fragrant flowers seem but a
pageant, mocking and stinging his heart?

Still he lies there,

Self-torture, self torment

My vision ever crystal, I see the day creep unheeded on the dial,
and the sun, a roseate orb all a-glow, drops in the distant West.
Suddenly I see cone from the fiery core of that orb, a laureate
crown! Swift, like a fallen star; it shoots toward him! He leaps
up, tremblingly eager, his eyes, where Ambition's touch burns
its Most recent and impassionate flame, flash forth great beams
of light beneath whose fulgent fire the darkling wreath springs
still higher, alive, its leaves twisting and twirling, falling one by
one upon his upturned brow!

At once, the firm earth shakes with the powerful pulse of fame
and the garden-close fills with the rumor of nations from afar.

A single colored moment of fame!

And then how silent, how barren is the nation's Praise!
How hollow the trumpet's note and bitter the taste of glory!

I stand in a desert, a truth too strange and too tremendous to
be breathed. Ambition has stolen my garden! Now no gleam of
rose or amethyst hallows the parting day, but mist, a weeping
mist, wraps every woodland bough in a shroud of awful grey.
Then, lurid rays of crimson break over my head; Even the huge
black trees can no longer obscure the sleep red mysteries. The
uncomfortable calm is broken only by the slow drip of tears that
bleed from hidden heart or bough. The mighty wind carries his
screaming and shouting as he tears with wild hands at ambition's
prize, fame's toothed barks, burning and biting into his unhappy
brow! Horrified, I cry out, awaken, and stare wonder-wild in the
scent and hue of the garden-close.

—Lisa Stoyanoff



Ronald Goldblatt

I

*My heart swells . . . bulges—
My heart presses, against my lungs,
I cannot breath, it rises to my throat
And throttles my words—
Oh, it will surely burst sky high
And a cloud of starlings will fly out!
A swarm of luminous moths . . .
And boisterous blue jays!*

*Why do they stare at me as I stride the village streets,
Crossing the crossings against the lights
And recognizing no one?*

*Are my eyes too bright? Is my
Head too high? Or does it really show;
That kiss, does it sit on my lips
Like a moth on a leaf, has your
Kiss blossomed on my mouth into
A scarlet flower?*

—Harry Carlisle

II

*I saw autumn today . . . incipiently,
On the sunset
And the leaf—in the spontaneous white caps
Shingling in the bay
And the window—displayed chrysanthemums and asters.
I saw its night water color leavings
And heard its voice
In the locust's high powered chatter in
The comouflaged somewhere.*

*Ah! Fierce exhilaration flows through
Me like dry current.*

*Autumn is our season—yours
And mine.*

—Harry Carlisle



Ronald Bomba

**HONOR
SOCIETY**



**GENERAL
ORGANIZATION**

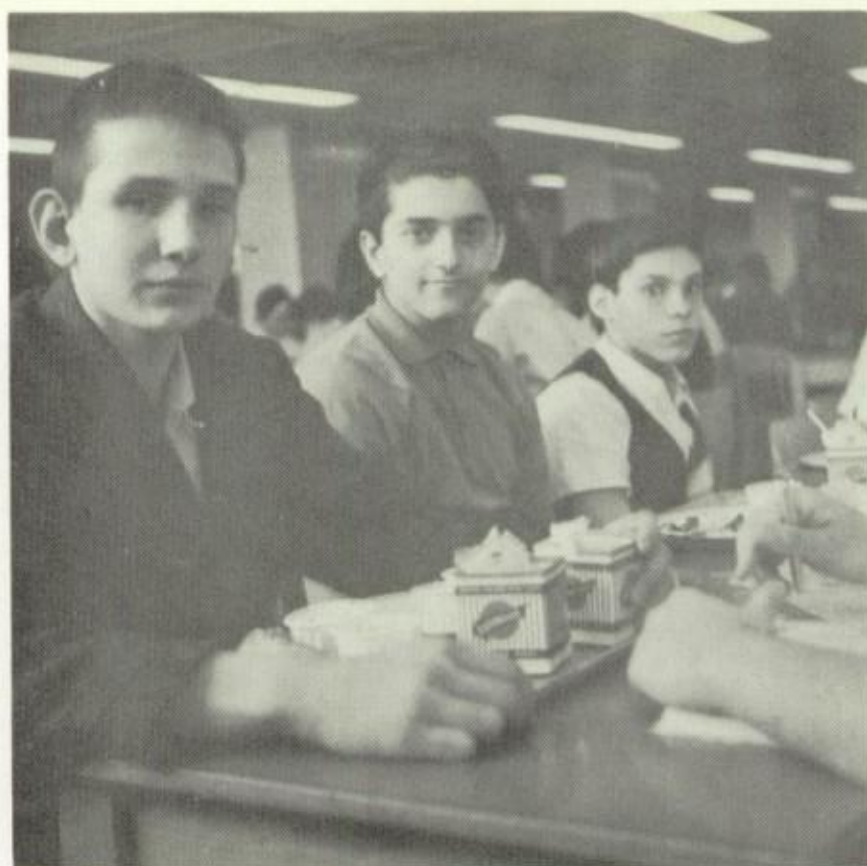




UNDERGRADUATES









UNDERGRADUATES

AND DEATH REIGNS AGAIN

It was night, dark and silent in the sleeping town of Crestburg a coach drawn by two horses clattered down the main cobblestone street and stopped in front of my house. I was immediately awakened, being used to emergency cases at night.

I rose from my bed, donned my robe, and went into the waiting room. Presently I heard a knocking and upon opening the door, I found a gentleman dressed all in black, standing on the threshold. He addressed me, "Please pardon me for disturbing you at this hour, Doctor Howard, but a serious case awaits you."

I reentered my bed chamber and a few minutes later, returned fully dressed, my leather bag in hand. As I followed this messenger outside I asked, "Would you be so kind as to tell me where and who my patient is?" He shook his head, "I am sorry, sir, I can enlighten you on neither subject for I scarcely know myself." Being of a philosophic nature, I resigned myself to my guide and entered the coach, the curtains of which were drawn so that once inside I could not mark in what direction I was being taken.

As the coach rolled quickly along, not a word was spoken. Finally, we stopped. On getting out I found myself in front of a house which so well blended into the night that I was not even certain of its existence until I was led into the hall and thus into the parlor. As I waited there to be brought to my patient, a chill went through me and I had a wild desire to run out, to leave this gloomy dwelling. At that moment, however, another gentlemen also in black, but of a distinctly pale countenance, entered. "How do you do, Doctor Howard?" he said. "As my secretary probably informed you, you are here tonight to try to cure a very sick man. If you are successful, a great reward will be yours."

After conducting me into a large bed chamber he continued, "Near the bed on the wall is a buzzer, should you be in need of anything. Do not hesitate to press it. One more thing — your patient is Death." With this he left me, softly closing the door behind him.

For a while, as I stopped, trying to regain my composure, I felt as if I were all alone in this room. But peering into the darkness, I finally was able to discern the dim outline of a four-poster bed in the corner. One first thought was to switch on the light, but I did not want to see more. "Either I am dreaming or mad," I muttered to myself as I approached the bed. Bending down, I saw him quite clearly — a thin but sleek face, slightly sinister. His dark profuse hair clung to his forehead. Sitting down on a stool near the bed, I began my usual preparation and only after I had listened with my stethoscope and heard not the faintest tremor did a revelation dawn on me. "My heavens, what am I doing." I exclaimed involuntarily. "I am in the process of saving Death, this creature which has no heart and yet is alive." It is impossible to describe the emotions that I felt. My thoughts were in a whirl, and cold sweat broke out on my temple. "He is helpless now, in my power," I mused, pulling out a syringe from my bag. "One squeeze of this plunger could rid mankind of its dreaded foe. The destiny of Man is in my hands. Eternity on Earth!"



Ronald Goldblatt

It was overpoweringly tempting, my suddenly acquired power of preservation for all men, even though it would mean the violation of the oath sacred to all doctors—to do the utmost to save any patient.

Slowly lifting up his weak arm, I applied the necessary pressure to the syringe. An age must have gone by. On ascertaining his death, I pressed the buzzer forcefully. Almost instantly the door opened. I stepped outside and nodded slightly to my companion's inquiry.

"He is dead?" After a long pause he added in an almost indifferent manner, "I was not too optimistic from the start. However, it was most kind of you to come. My secretary shall escort you back to town."

I could restrain myself no longer.

"Now that Death is dead . . . : what"

He interrupted me, saying simply,

"I am Death's son."

—Lisa Stoyanoff

A SAD CHILD

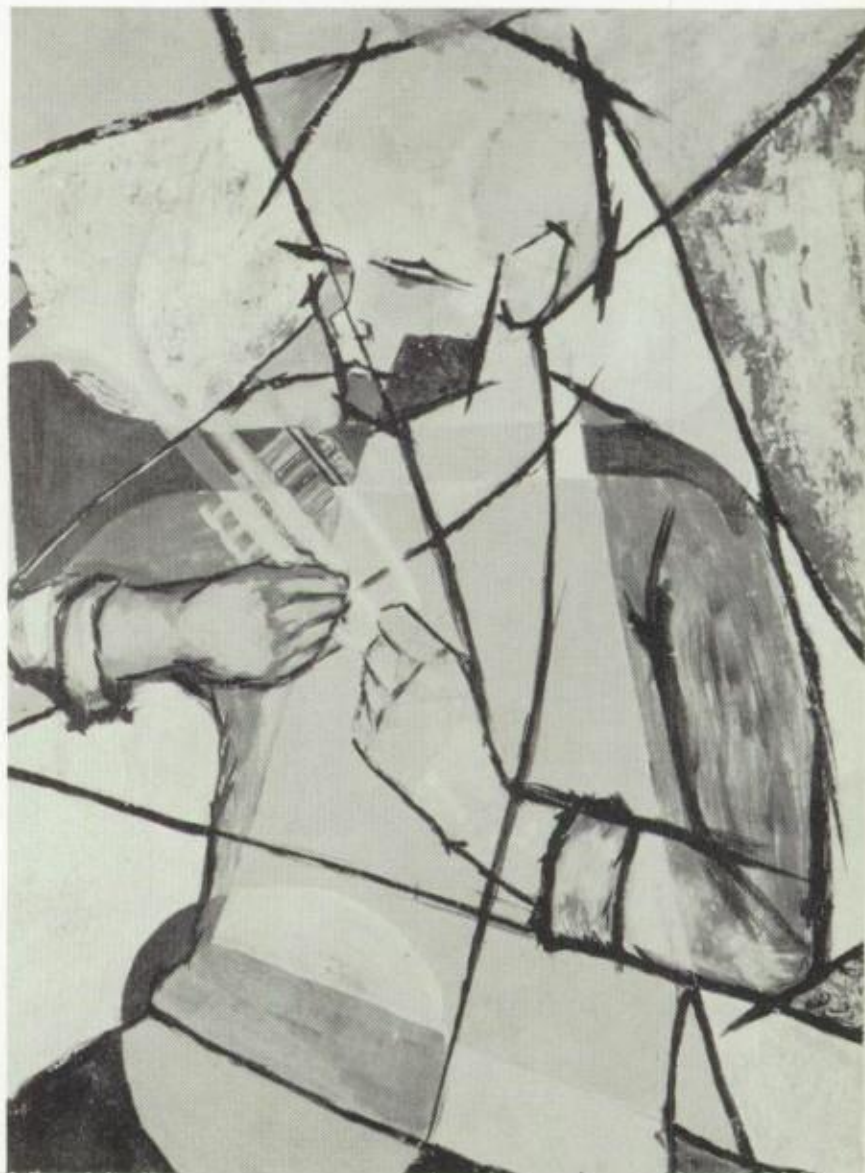
*A sad child is a flower
Slowly dying away
With its seeds falling
On dried out, hard clay.*

—Arnold Kurz

SYMPHONY OF THE WIND

*Bring me some music, oh wind!
The music of violins, trumpets and harps.
Oh! bring to my ears
The quivering sound
And restless beat of your heart.
Let loose all your howling,
Your prowling
As I walk alone in this night
With memories only of you, oh wind,
As I walk through this dark, dreary night.*

—Arnold Kurz



Stuart Schwartz

Often it becomes necessary for some teen-agers to tend to themselves when their parents are away. It becomes necessary to work in the kitchen, pulling things out of drawers and cabinets, making a general mess, and floundering awkwardly in a state of semi paralyzed bewilderment.

The only guide to the harassed teen-ager is the printed direction on the boxed or canned articles. But these were written for the person who can locate the saucepan, eggbeater and the like. This the teenager does not know. To him the kitchen is an untracked jungle full of dangers, frustrations and horrible surprises.

I have ventured to prepare a cook book for derelict teen-agers. Here is a recipe for "Almost Instant Coffee."

Find component parts of percolator, assemble in such a manner that at least everything fits together, breathe hard for 30 seconds and light a cigarette. Spill two spoonfuls of coffee into upper part of percolator and on sink. Remove component parts, prop against wall, and pour two cups of water into the empty percolator. Reassemble parts, including coffee scraped from sink. Wait till red light indicates "done." Unplug percolator, pour coffee. Sniff. Pour coffee down drain. Open bottle of milk.

"Bacon and Eggs" . . .

Locate bacon. Separate two uneven strips of bacon from rest of fierce, prolonged wrenching. Place in fry pan, one inch deep in grease. Answer phone. Return. Pry eggs loose from adherence to pan. Place on plate, liberally apply salt. Shudder, then eat.

I hope this little preview, with step by step procedures, will endow you with, at least, some courage!

You say no? Well, there are always coke and hamburgers at Joe's.

—Pat Vassallo



Dennis Parlante



Richard Pasternack

THE ULTIMATE

*unbolt that portal,
let those people in!
they're crying for recognition
don't shun them;
you can't, now.
they're shouting in your ear.
soon they will lay their hands on you.
what will you do then,
all alone, with no protection?
you cannot scream and push them back,
nor can you build new barriers.
they will knock them down.
you will be squashed, trampled,
your face will wear black footprints.
you'll be pushed under, too;
you'll wail also.
but then you won't be heard.*

—Eve Gribbin



Penny Feldstein

THE PORTENTOUS THOUGHT

*Upon the mind there falls a rain
Of small ideas and remembrances,
Each one whetting the acumen of the brain,
Lending itself to a thought wise unto the ages.
These particles of genius flow in rivulets
Down the mountain of the intellect;
Then, converging at the point of the conscious,
They create a racing river, a maelstrom
Of question and consideration.
The flood sweeps onward to its destination,
Its goal, the precipice of comprehension,
From whence the waterfall of reason drops,
A bright cascade of certainty,
Down through doubts receding notch
To shatter doubt's floor with thundering Victory!*

—Lisa Stoyanoff



Donna Browne

I

"The Love Poem"

*His eyes look into my soul.
They inspire me a great sorrow,
The sorrow of Love.
His eyes know the mystery of the night.
His eyes are the eyes of Love.*

II

"The Beat Generation Poem"

*This is IT. The epitome of everything!
It's Eldorado, all wrapped up in a cool
hot package. It needs no punctuation, because
it's a crooked, exclamation! point in itself.
Man!!! put it down Jack, it's too wild. It's
the Ginchiest.....WOW*

III

"The Mental Adventure Poem"

*I have no friend save thee, Christopher Marlowe.
Thou art philosopher, teacher, and apostle of beauty.
Thou hast the fatal gift of understanding,
"And none but thou shalt be my paramour."
But thou art dead.*

IV

..The Physical or Actual Adventure Poem"

*What joy can compare to a night on Bear Mountain?
I speak to the stars and they tell me their secrets.
I sleep in the protective arms of earth—
Clean, fresh Earth, the fertile, fragrant mother.
The sweet wind rushes thru' the grass,
And a lone bird sings me his song.*

V

"The Combination Poem"

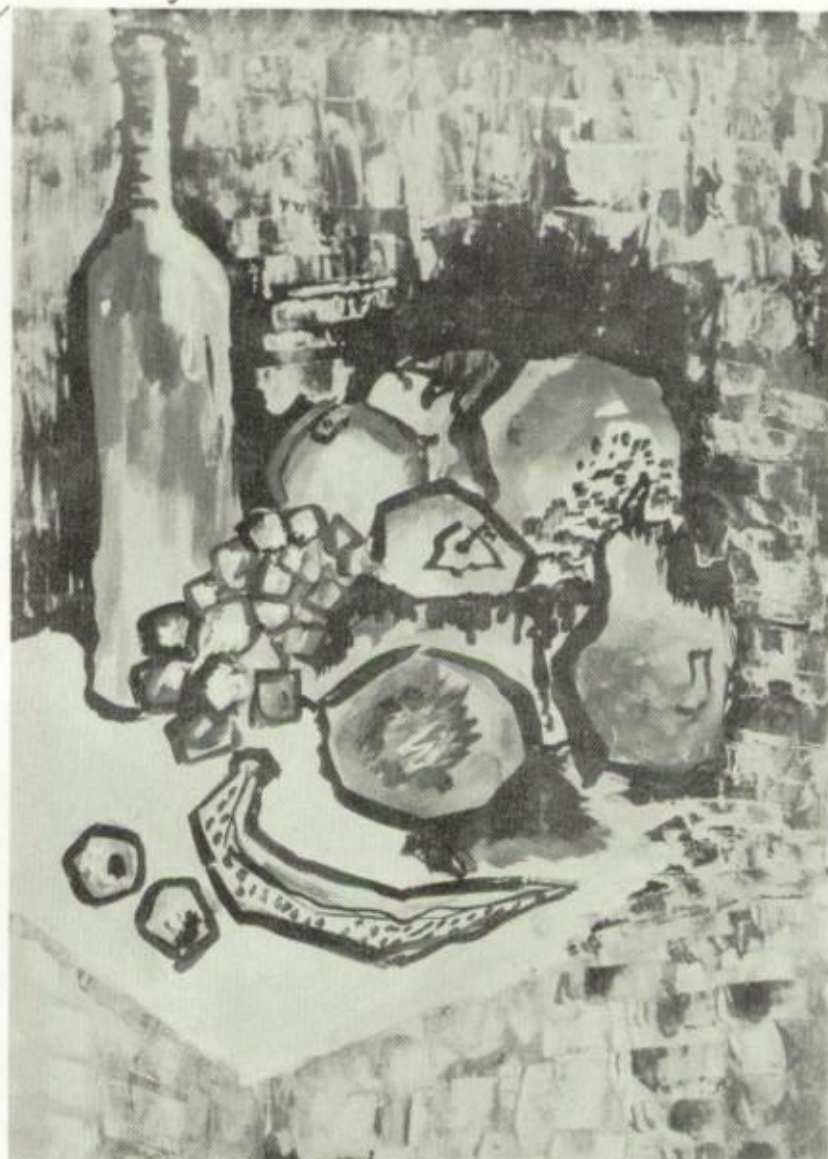
*His eyes look into my soul.
It's a crooked exclamation! point in itself.
I speak to the stars and they tell me their secrets.
But that's how I get knowledge in my dome.*

—Lisa Stoyanoff



Emilio Ruiz

Emilio Ruiz



Penny Feldstein

RESIGNATION

*I'm tired
Not old, or sick
But filled with unshed tears,
For the myriad wasted moments gone.
Just tired.*

—Nancy Lowens

BLACK

*The sleek, Black cat jumps over the fence,
The Blackness of night is eerie and dense.
What human would venture into the night?
What heart could withstand the Blackness and Fright,
Of walking on the untrodden track
Into the stillness into the BLACK?*

—Janet Gaines

NATURE AT ITS BEST

A walk in the woods just after a rain, reveals to me the beauty that lies beyond existence of every day life. I walk along a road which is now dampened with water. It was once a dusty and swift road; but now it is quiet, silently waiting for the sun to bring back its restless search for peace again!

Flowers grow along this path—pinks, blues, reds, golds and violets. All colors. The colors of the rainbow! There among them is the daisy with its sparkling white petals and golden center; so simple and yet so beautiful!

I look quickly towards my right. A stream flows slowly past me, around bends and over pebbles. Then on its way again. Just across from the stream, there stands a white cottage surrounded by a white picket fence and rows of pink and purple lilacs so peaceful! so alone!

Looking towards my left again, I see a tree standing majestically in the sun, although some leaves hang helplessly among the brush. Then I look up, up and still up and see the eternal sky, so big, so bright, so blue!

—Pat Vassallo



Michael Stafford



Ronald Goldblatt



Library



Terrace



SCHOOL



Cafeteria

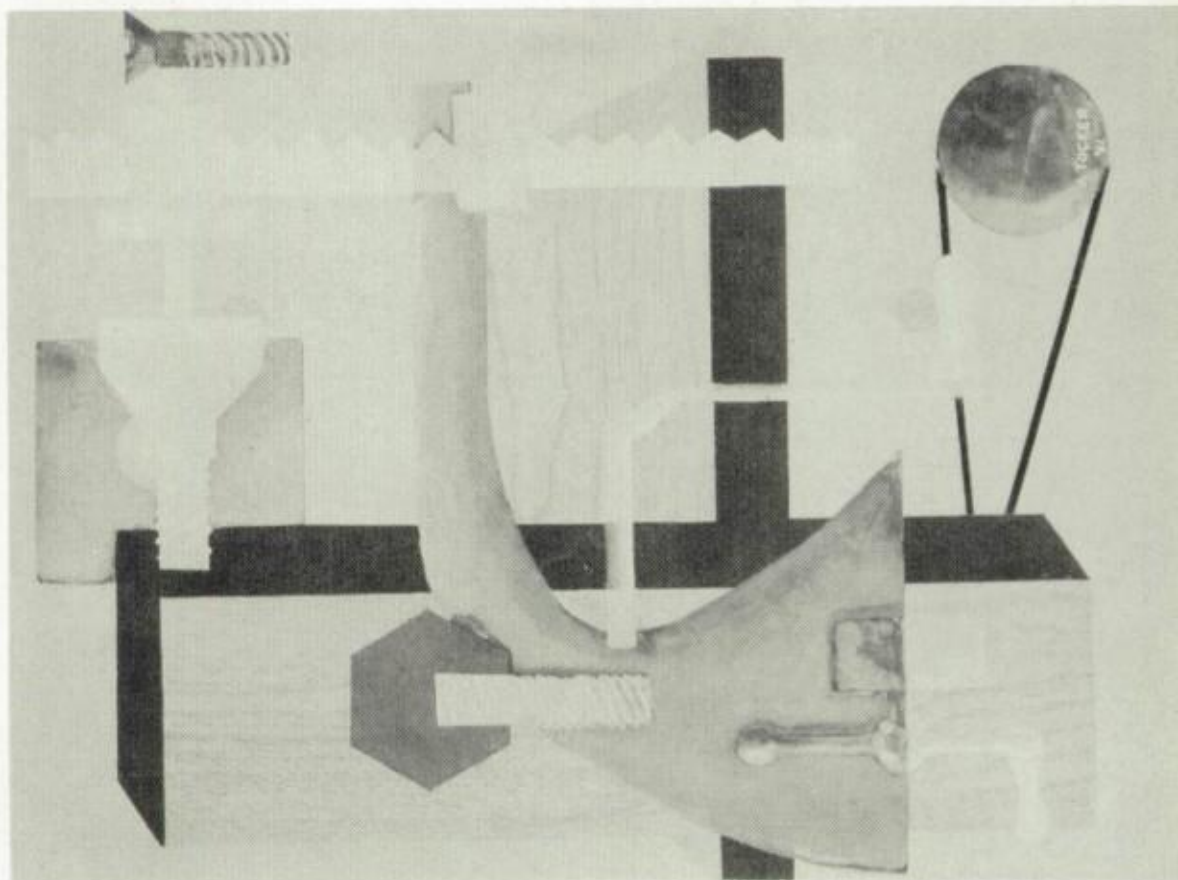
G.O. Store



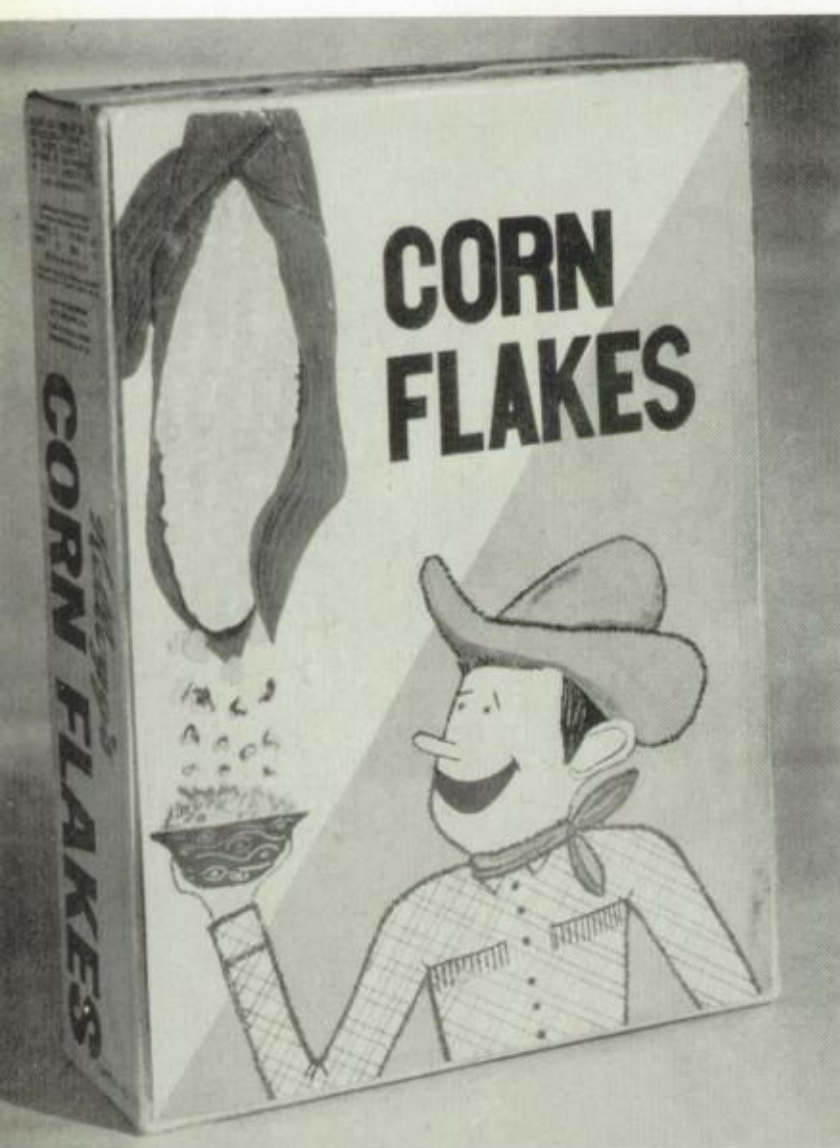
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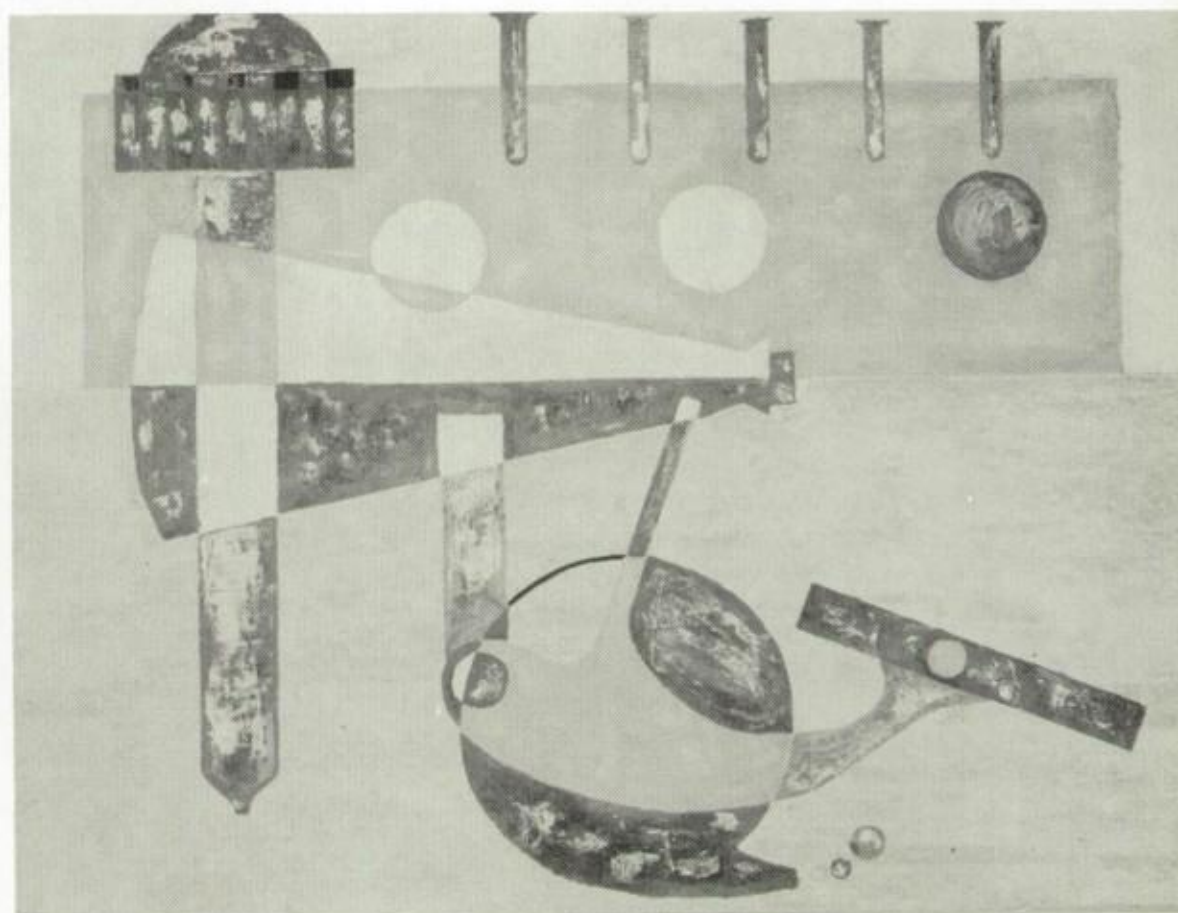
Salvatore Valente



Josef Tocker

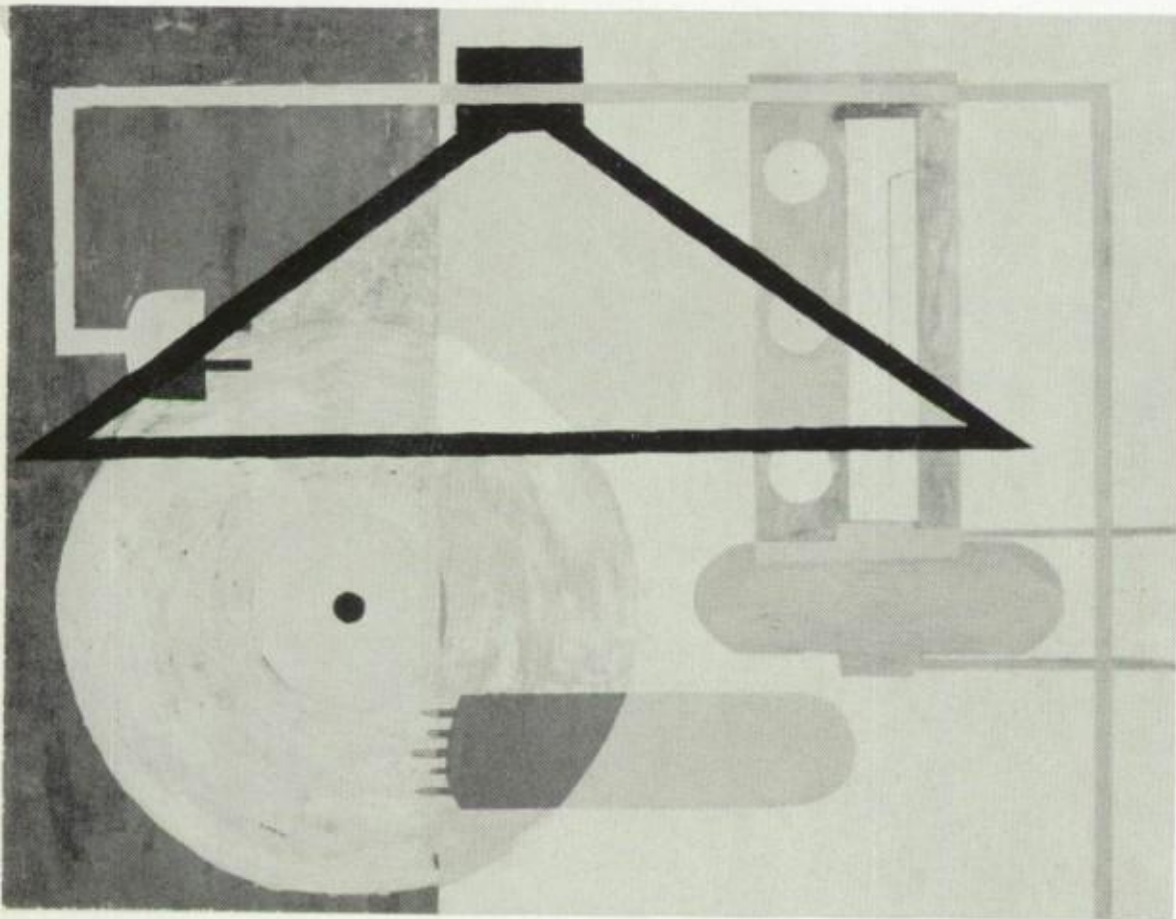


Ronald Coro

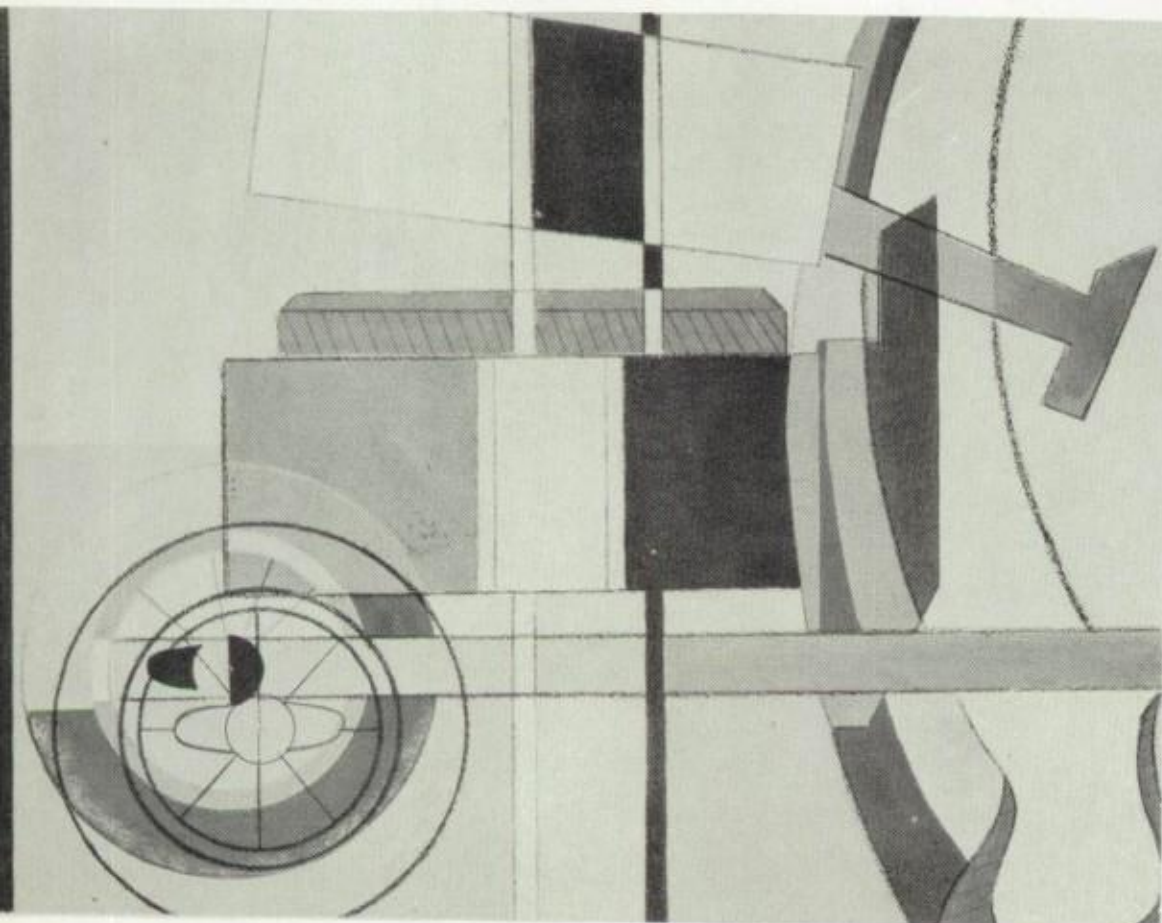


David Houser

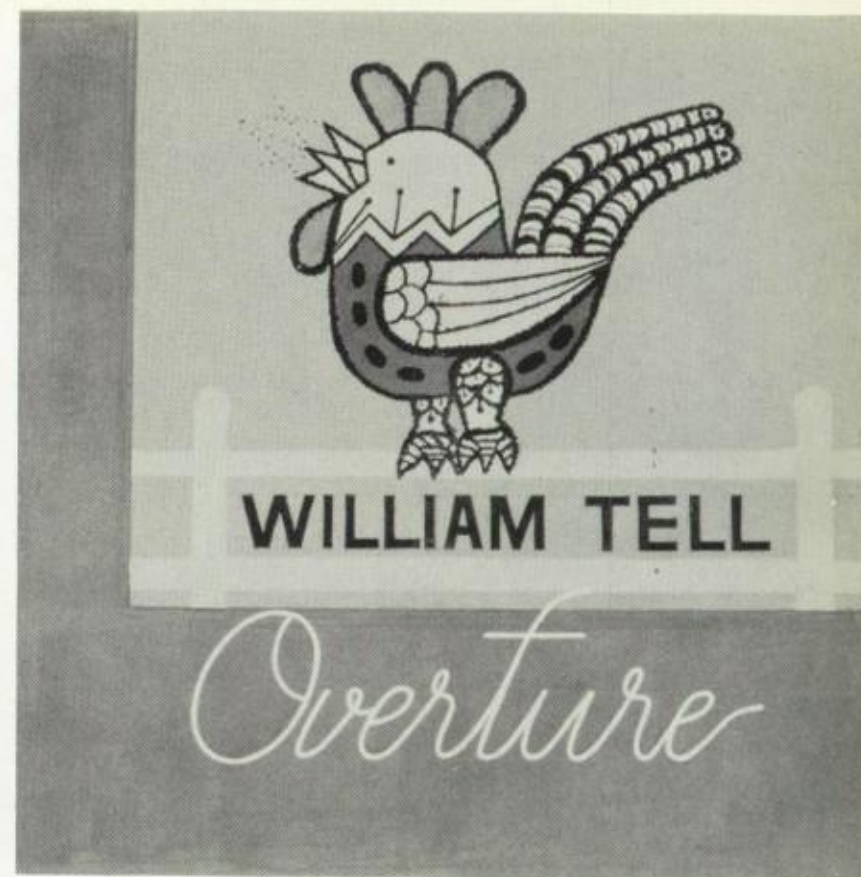
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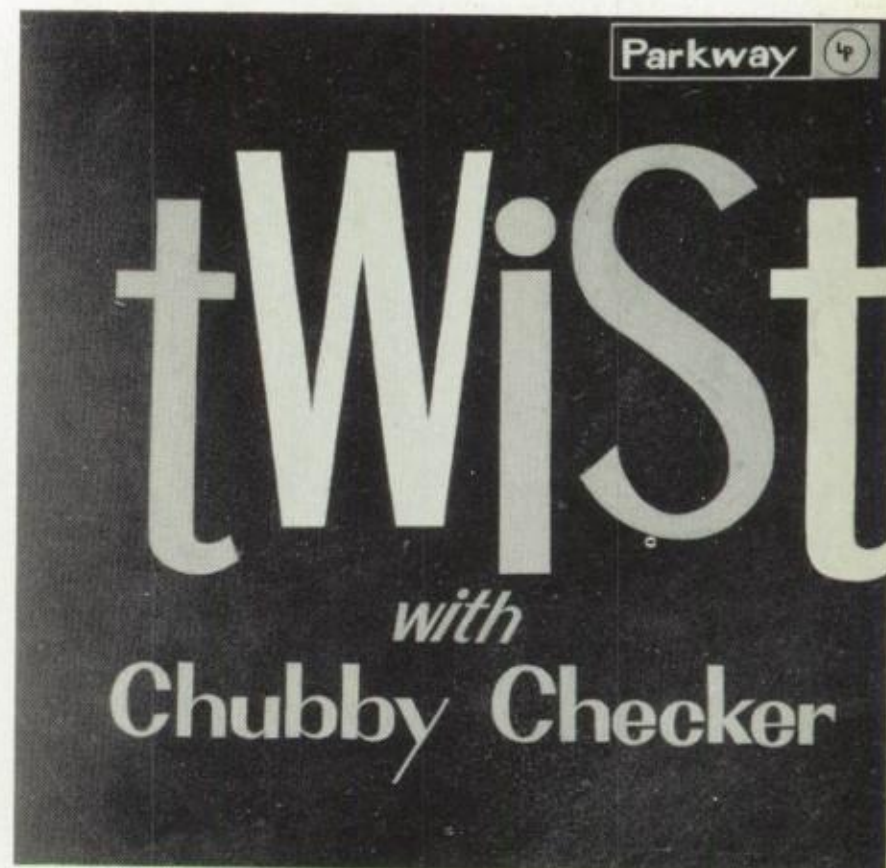
Dennis Parlante



Emilio Ruiz



Aubrey Harley



Ellen McLaren

EBB TIDES

*Waves roll
Against the shore
They break . . . Know not what day
Or year it is but crash and beat the rocks.*

—Nancy Lowens

WILD WINDS

*With the hush of the sweet wind
The luscious fragrance of blooming flowers
Floats through the air
On a mystical flight
Unknown to all creatures—
Its destination
The call of the wild winds.*

—Pat Vassallo

*My roses have long ago died
And here I live, near their grave.
All thorns and brittle bushes' stems
Where once red was before.
A sallow sun sheds yellow
On a cold, hard ground
Where once red shadows were.
All the world is cold and hard
And now a dead rose lies.
My heart remembers and it cries.*

*My roses have died—
And my eyes.
My grass is covered—
And my skies.
To these—my good-byes;
Till morning—my sighs;
Till death—I am wise;
Till summer—my heart remembers and bitterly cries.*

—Ann Prosaw



Jeffrey Nucey



Ronald Bomba

THE FRIGATE AND ITS PASSING

*Humming ropes, canvas on high,
A wide stretch of sea and the sky,
The mate's yell,
The brig hell,
A skipper as sharp as lye.*

*A heaving ship, the sea's smell,
A sea-tale the sailors tell,
A white-brown gull,
A gleaming hull,
A bow cutting the oceans swell.*

*A figure-head, proud and tall,
Listening for the look-out's call.
Creaking wood,
Hardtack food,
Over the coffin, a pall.*

—Lisa Stoyanoff

WHEN I SAW YOU LAST

*When I saw you last
You green and sandaled;
breezes flew through your brown hair.*

*Watching with no sense
of longing to whisper moistly,
gaze at weakly, kiss
on newly tongue-lit lips:*

*No more the bracelet-unreal passion
deep-breathed honeyed breaths, and sundown
orange-moon love under mint-green trees
by asphalt path; the smells are only smells
like lollipops buried in pillaged-down sands;
and red-embered evenings make me fall fast
asleep inside.*

—Lisa Stoyanoff



SO FAR SO BAD

*So far so bad
I think it's time for a change,
So far, so bad.*

*I have an inspiration, an idea
so far, so so*

*Now to carry it out.
So far so good,
Not later, not tomorrow, NOW!
So far, so good*

*That's what I should do but
So far so, so?*

I can change tomorrow.

So far so bad

—Roberta Raysor

THE OCEAN

*The swirling, hurling crowns
The swish and gurgling sounds
Beneath the green and blue,
There lies the black . . .*

*Beauty?
There is none.
On dark and stormy days
Beneath the deadly haze.*

*This creature, dark and dreary
Is anything but weary
When all the spirt rises
Of this salty grave . . .*

*It creeps along enchanting
Embraceful and inviting
To victims of bad tidings
Who want to end their ways.*

—Arnold Kurz



Donna Browne

DIRECTION

*Once we have found the thread
of contentment and happiness—
Once the bird succeeds in
getting the worm—
Reasons are given.
The worm is finished.
There's no more thread on
the spool.
This is existence.*

—Gail R. Kurland

THE BEGINNING

*Let it be known
The wondrous beauty I see,
When I walk the
Dimly lit streets in the morning,
Misty air is inhaled by thee.
Oh the ecstasy,
The deep heartening splendor,
A new born day.*

—Gail R. Kurland

PEOPLE

*People are like the flock of
birds over the mountain.
Always searching and peering
into the unknown.
Life is not eternity! we
gaze at the bird with awe;
hoping to reach the answer.
If life is not everlasting,
what is it then that makes us
go and continue, to strive to
obtain our goals?
If those birds can find their
way to the north, east, south,
or west why then can't we make
our limited existence one to
live for?*

—Gail R. Kurland



Richard Pasternack

THE LION AND THE BEATNICK

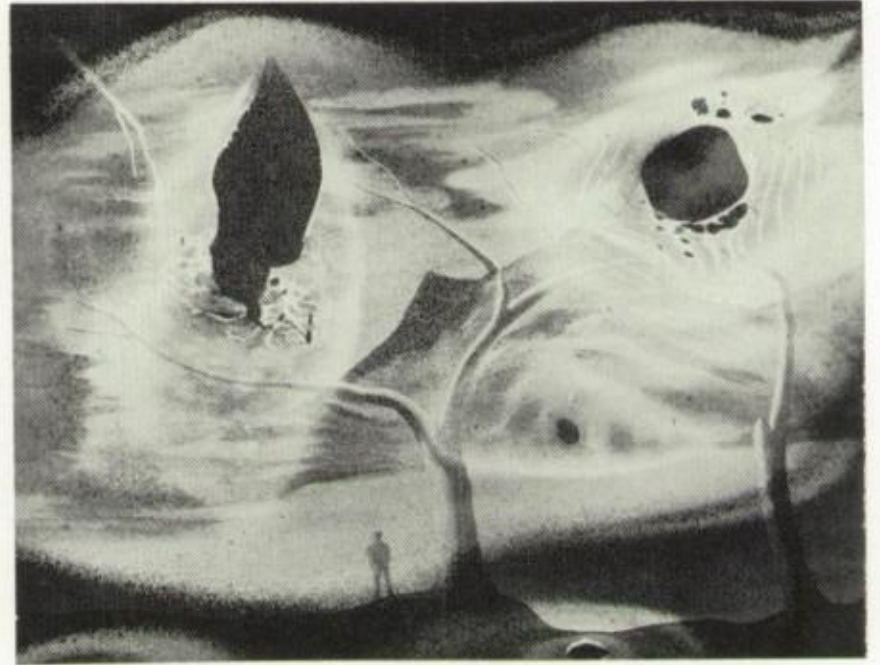
one day a beatnick happened upon the central park zoo. after throwing moldy cashews to the pigeons he decided to see the lions. the beatnick was shocked when he realized that the lion did not at all resemble his domestic cousin. he was heard to utter, "dig that crazy cat!" "the beatnick especially liked the lion's cool beard. that was the mane, and the only thing he liked about the lion. after several minutes of observation the beatnick decided it was time for action. the beatnick said, "you know, it's beastly living in this house with all these other cats. i mean locked up in this building can give you an edifice complex." the lion was visibly shaken by this keen observation, but held his ground. "that was for hunger," said the lion (who was rather hungry himself). "however, your point should be the utmost maximum because you have a brain with which you can do rational thinking."

the lion, then doing some rational thinking himself, sarcastically asked, "sir, with your inherently superior intelligence, which separates the men from the beasts, would you please pick up the bone which rolled out of my cage?"

as the beatnick dug among the peanut shells looking for the bone, (all beatnicks dig), the lion grabbed him by the hip, (all beatnicks are hip), and he was gone, (some beatnicks are gone)! a general moral concerning beatnicks:

to meet one is rare,
to eat one is rarer.

—Eve Gribbin



Robert West

TOP SECRET

One night down in the basement I made a valuable discovery. "I did it" I shouted, "I can make real water—" Just then I remembered, no one should know about this before I got to Washington. If they did, I might not get there.

So quickly I put all of the papers into my little case and locked it. Quickly putting on my coat, I dashed out of the door to make the 10 o'clock train. I got into my car and "oops," I forgot the case! So I ran back inside, for the case, and ran back to the car.

At the station I waited for one hour for the train to come. Just then, four tall men came walking toward me. "It's them" I said to myself. "They're after me, I've got to get away." They came closer, closer, and closer. "I wouldn't let them get the top secret" I said.

The train was coming. "This is my chance," I said to myself. Now they were running towards me, so I jumped off the platform in front of the train. Wham! I fell out of the bed. It was a dream, just a dream, and it's a good thing no one knew what I am doing in the basement. Oh!

Down to the basement I went, and when I got there, good grief. "I did it, I can make real water - - -," Oh! No one should know. "I'll put it in my case." So out the door I dashed; got into the car, "Oh no, I forgot my case! I ran inside, and then back to my car. "I've still got time to make the ten o'clock train."

—Ronald E. Riley



Josef Tocker



Michael Richman

MINE ENEMY BE EXALTED

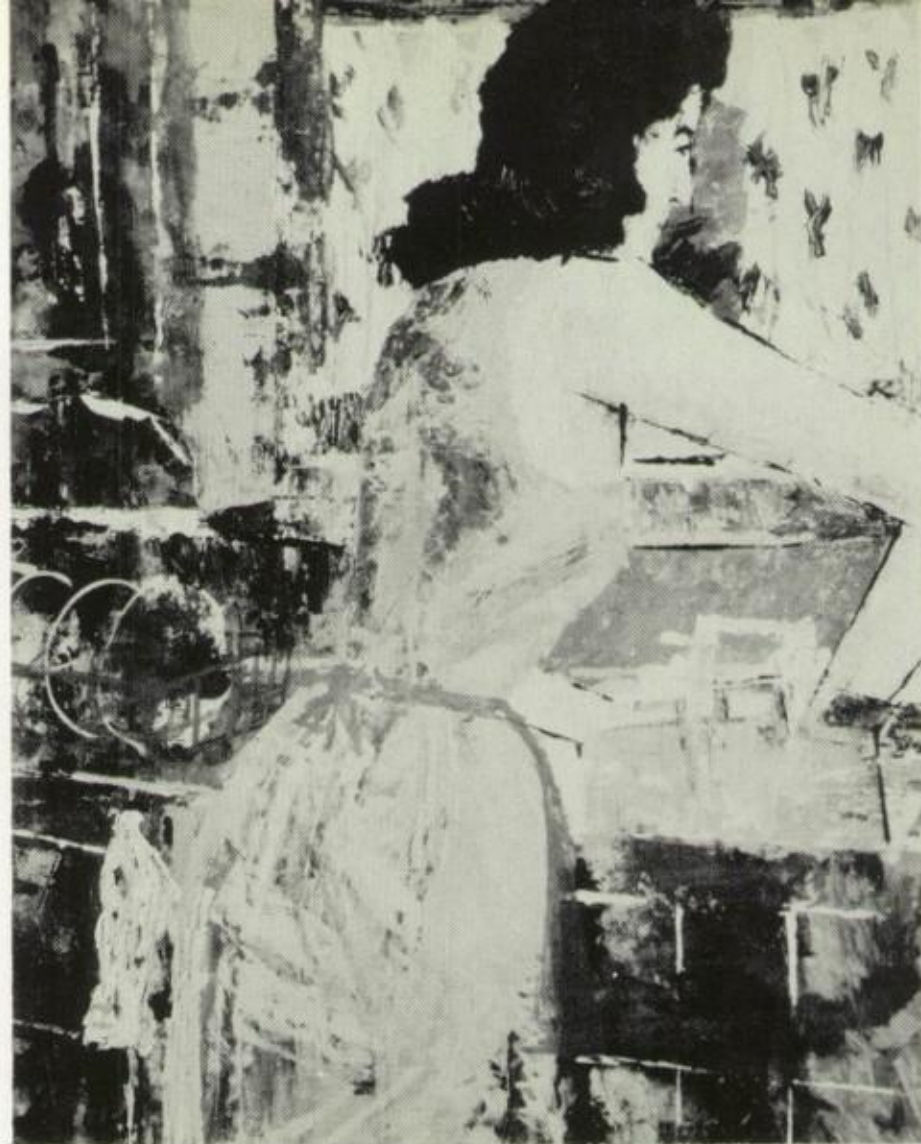
In the month of July the road from Hebron to Jerusalem is impregnated with the myriad fragrances of a thousand species of tinted blossoms, each having its own detectable scent, perfuming the emerald Judean summer and augmenting the beauty of the land of milk and honey.

I recall this season with childhood wonder, for it was during this fertile period that my father would allow me to accompany him, with traditional complaint, to the Holy City in order to procure workers for the arriving harvest. How year after advancing year I would cease to be awed by the imposing walls and tumultuous crowds, stunned by the echoing cries of Moslem and Jew, Greek and Roman, as everchanging prices rose and fell. I remember proudly the twinge of pride I would always feel as I watched my father quarrel incessantly over the matter of a few denarius, how he would nearly strike the old merchant who tried to cheat him, yet never quite complete the blow because of my presence. Those were days of happiness and prosperity, days to which I would quickly return without regret had I the gift of altering time.

If only we had not gone to Jerusalem that one year, how different our lives might have been. Even my mother knew, before she died, that the city had been infected with evil. But how can a man reap a harvest without laborers, my father persisted. "If there is evil in the Holy City, we shall surely avoid it," he promised, deeply regretting that he was not harkening to my mother's warning—her last warning. I remember that I was sorry for both my parents at that moment of decision, always thinking that perhaps it was my insistence that provoked that final trek.

The city was unusually still that morning, upon which we arrived at the southern gate. The narrow streets, bleached by the penetrating sun and worn by a thousand years, was vacant but for the stray blindman who felt his dark way along the deserted route. "Alms," he moaned when he heard our interrupting footsteps, "alms for the blind!" My father gropped in his woolen tunic for a copper piece and finding one, placed it tightly in the old man's withered hand. "May God bless you," the stranger conferred aloud and disappeared into another aimless avenue.

It was only when we reached the wall that we again felt the nearness of reality. We had only stopped to refresh ourselves for a moment when suddenly the deathly silence was split by the bellowed wail of a Roman trumpet. As seconds seemed to ride upon seconds, the thundering cavalry descended upon the wall amidst the shouts of drunken soldiers and the painful cry of the exhausted mounts. Here was the evil that my mother had made reference to on her death bed, the evil that had washed the streets of humanity—Rome!



Jesse Sklavos

"Move aside, swine," the first one shouted. "Let Romans drink water before Judeans!"

In my father's eyes I watched a burning pride create a swelling hate. For the very first time I feared what his uncontrollable temper might do. Nothing might have occurred at all had we moved away at that instant, and for a moment I was sure my father would leave. Then, as if in a disgraceful motion of bitter contempt, the Roman reined his horse so as to strike my father and sent him sprawling onto the cobblestones. I knew then that we were on the border of disaster. Pulling the iron-clad Roman from his perch with all the strength of his years, my father dragged the soldier viciously to the ground so that he struck his helmeted skull to the stone. The second imperial blood trickled from the silver hat, the remaining cohort spilled upon my father in waves of polished steel. The very last I recall of the incident was standing in visible horror as my father's life was pounded cruelly from him, as blood mingled with blood, in the street of dawning Jerusalem.

Thirty years have passed and I can resist no longer. No more can I run from the hills in revenge for that morning so long ago. I am no longer in the encampment of the rebel. Today I am alone.

Yet it was for that very purpose that I went amidst the mountains of secrecy, tunneled by the caves of kindling insurrection. Here I sought to transform my father's death into an eternal epitaph for rebellion against tyranny. Again and again Romans fell beneath our swords as we swept down from the plateaus and across the plains.

But, for every hundred that perished a thousand came. Year after year after year they swarmed the Great Sea in ships so that we might never breathe free. I would not cease to resist now, my friend, but I must.

You see, dear reader, I I am dead!

" How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? Forever?
How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?
How long shall I take counsel in my soul,
having sorrow in my heart daily?
How long shall MINE ENEMY BE EXALTED?
Consider and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten
mine eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death"

—Raymond Kemble



Penny Feldstein

MY COMPREHENSION FOR TODAY

Where are the doers and seekers? We go through the day in our own little routine. All the while we want to do something else, anything else. Aren't there supposed to be so many things that are up to us to know and do?

What makes people happy or sad? Isn't it up to us? Why don't we see it? Why do we search only in mind while our bodies lie heavily on a soft chair? In class the students are restless. They are in want of change, in need of something. In world events, how does a man find himself facing capital punishment for killing a child? He was drunk, and without knowledge of his doings. Where does the guilt lie? It is with the reason he was driven to become so drunk. What is this reason?

He was in need of something, some longing perhaps even unknown to himself. How does a woman find herself in a mental institution for eighteen years for trying to kill her daughter? Her husband had left her and she felt like a prisoner. She too was in need.

Before need there seems to be a time we can try to control or comprehend the future so as to insure minimum security for or from ourselves? The question is raised, what are we to do in life? Is it to go to school, find a profitable place in society, get married and raise children, or for a good job? Suppose you don't get a good job? How do you prepare yourself for the tasks ahead in the future or even face the present. Life is admission to truth. The truth is what it takes to fulfill each and everyone's needs. Face it and accept it. When we face the truth we might find that we have more than we think. I know it sounds idealistic, with all our longings and sufferings. Realize and be thankful for the things we have at hand and be in need of only what is within our reach and for our betterment. I ask you only, while in the process of your daily day dreams to stop and think a little and realize where you are and what you have.

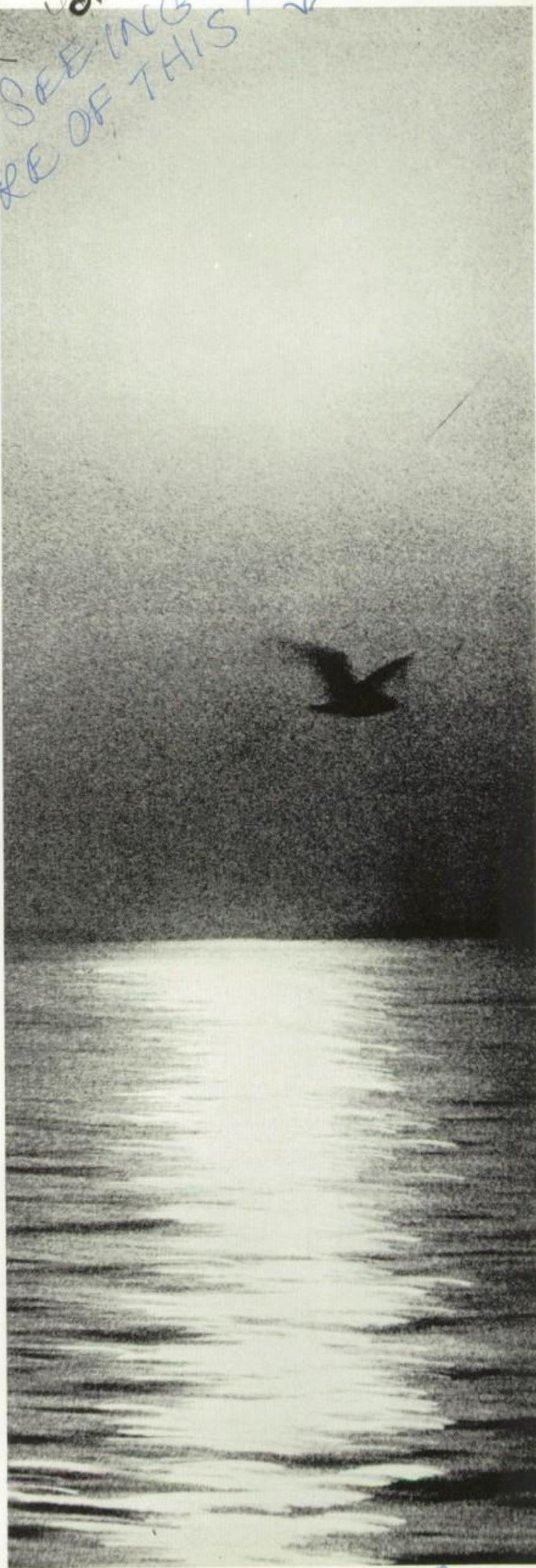
I always did like a teacher who makes me realize exactly where I was, like my American History teacher. Even if she did bring me into what seems to be close to the third world war. I'm not saying that it's easy to do what is right and good or that the end will hold a shining treasure for you, but only this: being in need without doing anything may never lead to fulfillment.

We must try to fulfill our needs by doing just that. Try! no one has failed who has tried, if there is a fifty-five on your report card in World History 2 Face it, accept it, try it, day by day. I have to sweep the floor—it is my work, so I'm sweeping in the corners, under the bed. After we have done one thing we can go on to better and higher things such as giving the floor a good mopping! Say to yourself once in a while, I don't want to be nice to myself. Forget about your own needs for a while and try to solve another's needs. Many a time your needs can be settled in this way.

Someone once told me everything comes your way sooner or later. I'll agree with that statement but I might add that it helps when we give it a little push in the right direction.

—Janet Plenell

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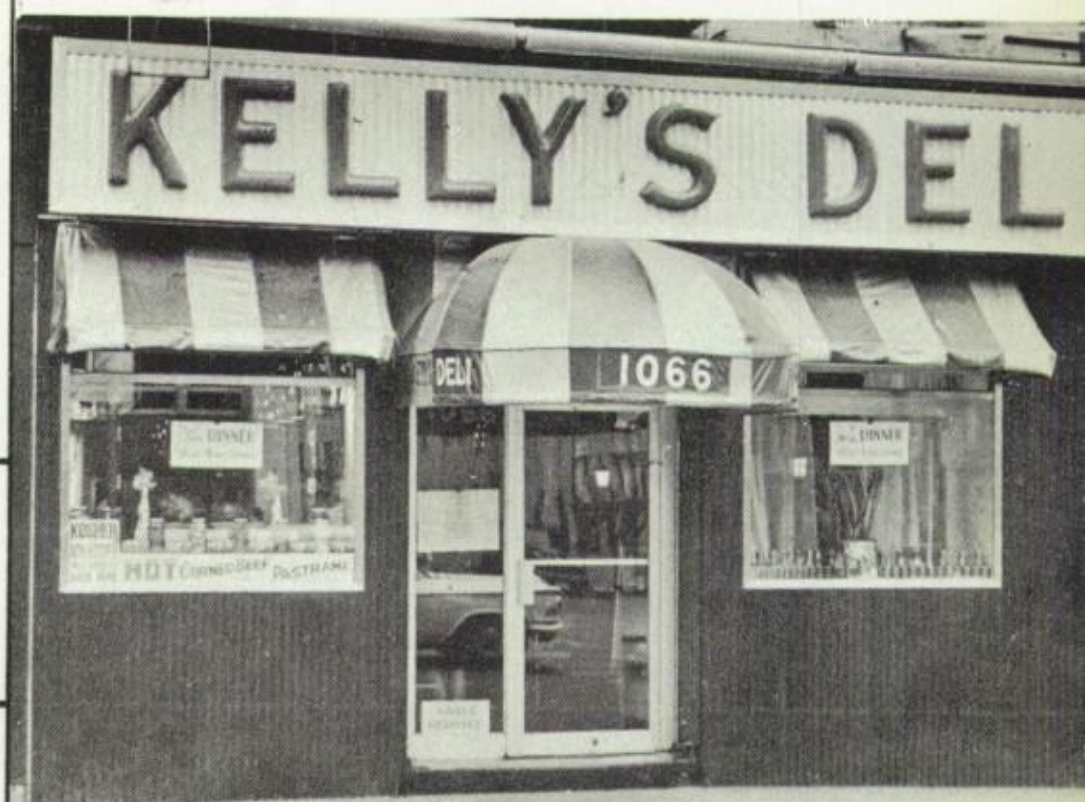
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you god send and all
good wish. grandson. your
grandmother E. Perry

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